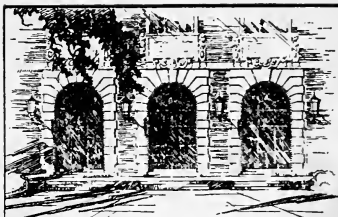


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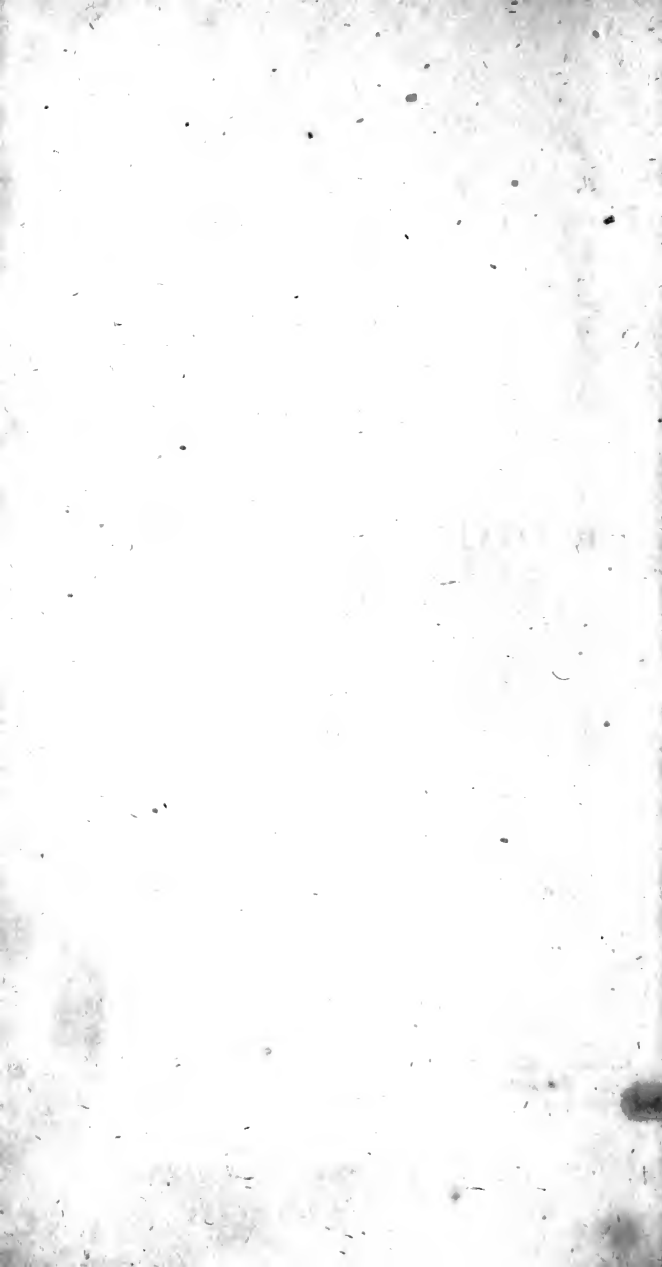
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THE
BRIDAL OF DUNAMORE,
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BRIDAL OF DUNAMORE;

AND

LOST AND WON.

TWO TALES.

BY REGINA MARIA ROCHE,

AUTHOR OF

*THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY, TRECOTHICK BOWER, MAID OF THE
HAMLET, MUNSTER COTTAGE BOY, VICAR OF LANSDOWN,
HOUSES OF OSMA AND ALMERIA, &c.*

In Three Volumes.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

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THE

BRIDAL OF DUNAMORE.



" —Our race have long been foes;
But we are not foes."

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THE
BRIDAL OF DUNAMORE.

CHAPTER I.

“A rock bends along the coast with all its echoing wood.
A narrow plain spreads beneath, covered with grass and
aged trees, which the midnight winds, in their wrath, had
torn from the shaggy rock. The blue course of a stream is
there, and the lonely blast of ocean pursues the thistle’s
beard.”

AT a considerable distance from the me-
tropolis, a wild and solitary tract, known
by the name of Dunamore, stretches itself
along the eastern coast of Ireland, form-
ing part of the inheritance of the ancient
family of Glenmorlie, that for a succession

of ages resided here, in an old abbey, romantically situated at some distance from the village.

This, much frequented in summer as a bathing-place, is built on the decline of a steep hill, gradually sinking into a fine strand, whence the green cliffs, darting into immense headlands, form a noble but dangerous bay, from the iron-bound nature of the coast. Hence to the abbey appears little better than a desert; there the woods that partially screen its time-struck towers, where whistles in the sighing breeze the dark mass of years, again give sign of cultivation.

The village, though chiefly consisting of poor straggling houses, is not unpleasant to the eye, from its romantic appearance, perched as are some of the buildings on high rocks, while others lie nestling in snug hollows, as if to screen themselves from the fury of the storms, that are here tremendous.

Exposed to all the fury of the ocean, nature's barriers alone could here resist

the waves that break and dash against the shore, with a noise resembling the discharge of the loudest artillery. This exposure gives, in general, a bleakness to the aspect of the place, though in summer the fields and rocks are bestrewed with aromatic herbs and wild flowers, while wild honeysuckles and roses compose the hedges—a bleakness heightened, in some parts, to desolation, by the intermixture of bog, heath, and rocks, in the fields, the solitary bays that indent the coast, and the abject poverty of the poor cotters—a poverty, however, that has no effect on their characteristic cheerfulness. Most of the old customs are here kept up—the holidays enjoyed with even luxurious indolence—the jig-houses filled of an evening, and the wakes attended with all that boisterous mirth that is certainly revolting to the feelings of a stranger, though perhaps more owing to indifference about death than any want of natural feeling. When Johnson viewed the luxuries of Garrick's villa at Hampton—"These are

the things," he said, " David, that make a man unwilling to die." Certain it is, that either owing to the slavish life they lead, or some other cause, the common Irish seldom evince any concern about death; at all times speaking with calmness, and even pleasure, of the spot in which they expect to rest; and if ever evincing any thing like anxiety on the subject of their death, only about their wake and funeral; thus setting an example of composure and resignation on it, that even philosophy, at times, might fail of doing.

The strand, in fine weather, is a delightful promenade; nor is a walk over the cliffs unpleasant to those who have courage for it, rent as they are into frightful fissures, where one false step must be inevitable destruction. Nor does the place altogether want attraction during the summer months, when even the Persian looms themselves could not produce such a carpeting as covers the rocks and fields; but when again the glooms, the storms of winter, prevail—when again the savage blast

howls round the casement, “ the flaky snow descends, and even the faithful dog seems conscious of his shivering master’s misery,” it is then indeed sufficiently desolate to chill the feelings. This however was not exactly the case, through the hospitable kindness they made a point of shewing to all within the reach of its influence, during the residence of the Glenmorlie family at the place; but for years previous to the period at which this story commences, it had been entirely given up to the care of domestics.

Mr. Glenmorlie, its proprietor, long, long before its desertion, was a gentleman that, even in his day, when hospitality was so common as scarcely to be estimated as a virtue, was praised and celebrated for his. His fortune was immense, his establishment noble, and his door open to all; but while the rich and elegant partook of his sumptuous banquet, the needy and the friendless were cheered by his bounty. But with all this generosity of disposition, there was a selfish considera-

tion for his own gratification evinced, and an openness to flattery that considerably took off from his better qualities.

He was twice married, and by each marriage had a son. His last lady was beautiful, but unprincipled, and by her artful blandishments obtained such an ascendancy over him, as to induce him to make a will in favour of her son, to the utter prejudice of the one he had by his first union. Convinced, however, that by doing so he should commit an act that would affix a stigma on his name, he endeavoured to excuse, if not justify it, by pretending that his eldest son had, in many instances, acted in a manner to offend and disoblige him; but as he could bring forward no specific charge against him, this was doubted, and his attempt to justify himself at his expence only an additional cause for censure and reproach. In short, instead of leaving behind him that character for unblemished integrity he had once enjoyed, he left behind him a name stigmatized for injustice.

But railing, nor raving, nor invective, could rend away the seal from the bond. The younger son, according to the tenor of the will, took possession of the property, with only the exception of a small freehold bequeathed to the eldest. The friends and connexions of the family, according to their respective interests and feelings, sided with the respective parties. Proceedings were commenced to set aside the will, under the plea of its being made under undue influence; but after a long and expensive contest, the suit was ultimately dropped, and the unfortunate Rodolphus obliged to abandon all those hopes and brilliant expectations he had long indulged in. Married some years before his father's death, a large family aggravated his feelings on the occasion. Melancholy took possession of him—he gave himself up to gloom and indolence—shrunk even from mixing with his own family—and finally died, a victim to the keen sense he entertained of the injury done him.

His children, but slenderly provided for, were exposed to a variety of privations; and each new trial exciting additional ill-will to those who so unjustly enjoyed their birthright, there was for a time nothing but strife and animosity between them.

In process of time, the fortunate branch became ennobled by an earldom. George, the second earl of Dunamore, was a man of a proud and austere temper, tenacious of worldly respect, and boastful of hereditary distinctions. With such a disposition, it may be supposed he could not think, without an unpleasant sensation, on the blot on his escutcheon; but while it rankled in his recollection, making him often feel a sense of degradation under the fortune he enjoyed, he at the same time indignantly repelled the slightest allusion to the act by which he had become the representative of his ancient house.

But though impelled by pride to attempt its vindication, he was, in reality, so impressed with a conviction of its in-

justice, as to be anxious in the extreme to make every amends in his power for it to the party it had injured; but hitherto his efforts for the purpose had been haughtily repulsed. Of the legal heir, one descendant now alone remained, a young lad, residing with his grandmother in the ruins of an old castle, that stood upon the small estate bequeathed to his progenitor. Of this small property little now remained; and lord Dunamore repeatedly offered to take the boy under his protection; but his grandmother, born herself a Glenmorlie, and brought up with all those feelings that a sense of injury excites, scornfully rejected these offers; preferring rather to see her grandson, though the idol of her heart, want the advantages of education and patronage, than owe an obligation to the person who enjoyed his birthright; several friends interfered on the occasion, but her obstinacy was invincible.

The boy himself said nothing on the subject. Of a mild and passive temper, he seemed perfectly content to resign him-

self to her will; he was indeed a melancholy wight—

“ Baubles he heeded not, nor gauds, nor toy,
And yet poor William was no vulgar boy;”

seeming not to desire a higher enjoyment than was derived from loitering over the neglected fields—indolently watching the waves breaking on the shore—or being listlessly stretched upon the grass, poring upon the brook that babbled by.

But the sudden death of his grandmother put an end to all further opposition to the wishes of lord Dunamore, who no sooner learned the event than he had him brought to the abbey. At first William was shy and fearful, nor did he ever seem as if he felt himself at home. The earl tried to inspire him with a wish to enter life, but in vain; and at last became satisfied to let him remain as he pleased.

The family of lord Dunamore consisted of his lady and one daughter, about the age of William, and, like him, of rather a melancholy turn, and inclined to loneliness, and gloom, and superstition. Many

circumstances had conspired to occasion this, and depress the natural cheerfulness of youth — the incurable sorrow of the countess her mother for the premature death of a number of children, had converted Dunamore Abbey, from a residence of festive hospitality, to one of melancholy seclusion; and this, together with the neighbourhood of the abbey, had early contributed to give a gloom to her temper.

The gloom which a melancholy country is apt to diffuse over the fancy has been described as compatible enough with occasional and social merriment; but by no means to be experienced without danger in solitude; and in this, through the distaste conceived by her mother to society, lady Elenora had been brought up; and hence, without any thing to vary the scene, or give excitement to her spirits, it is not to be wondered at that her mind became imbued with that deep melancholy that renders it particularly susceptible of fearful impressions, by a place where “the mournful dashing of the waves,” the por-

tentous noises which every change of wind, and every increase and diminution of the waters, are apt to raise in a lonely region, full of chasms and rocks, continually met her ear; and the aspect of nature was often as dismal and distressing. There were people who said, the severe afflictions of her parents were but a just judgment for their enjoyment of what they possessed; and the idea never recurred that she did not tremble with presageful fears of farther visitations to their house.

But though she did not mix in life, she was neither unseen nor unthought of. Shortly after William's taking up his residence in the family, she became the wife of her cousin, sir George Glenmorlie; and in process of time William himself led to the hymeneal altar a young lass, for whom he had early conceived a boyish regard.

Unfortunate as her mother, however, of a numerous offspring one daughter only was spared to lady Elenora; and, finally, like her, in deep affliction at these deprivations, she, in a degree, withdrew from

the world, and fixed her permanent abode at Dunamore.

While her daughter was yet an infant, the earl and countess died, and shortly after William and his wife, leaving behind them an infant son, whom lady Elenora, then countess of Dunamore in her own right, immediately adopted; and, nestled in the very bosom of pity and kindness, the little orphan felt no want of those he had lost.

CHAPTER II.

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NEXT to her own daughter, he soon became the object of her greatest tenderness, and sir George not only seemed to share in her affection, but to concur in all her plans and projects for him. In reality, however, he did neither, regarding him with an eye of envy and ill-will, instead of kindness, and secretly determining on

traversing, if possible, his benefactress's intentions respecting him.

These she had no hesitation in revealing to sir George. It was her wish to have a marriage effected between him and her daughter; led by a superstitious feeling to believe, that the severe calamities she and her mother had experienced were a punishment from Heaven for the sins of others.

Sir George scoffed at the idea, and would have openly opposed her wishes, but that she had too much in her power to allow him to run the risk of provoking her. As a means however of disappointing them, he determined on detaching his daughter, as much as possible, from her; and accordingly making her disinclination to enter the world again a pretext for committing her in a great degree to the care of her aunt, lady Ambresbury, he invited her ladyship over from England, where she was settled, to the Irish capital, where the young lady was so well managed, as by degrees to

imbibe something very like contempt for her mother and her *protégée*, and finally decide on giving her hand, in due time, to her cousin, the young lord Ambresbury ; but, in order to prevent the chance of any ill consequence from this, it was determined that it should not be announced to the countess till it was first tried whether it could not be made to appear that it was owing to Henry himself that his marriage with her had not taken place.

In the neighbourhood of the abbey was a gay pleasant family, of the name of Keating, but between whom and the family there a kind of hereditary dislike had long subsisted. There was a number of young people belonging to it, and from a double motive the countess had early cautioned Henry against forming any acquaintance at the house. For a time he scrupulously attended to the caution, but the emissaries of sir George were at work ; and by degrees, spite of all his resolves and precautions, Henry was drawn in to form an intimacy there. Once formed, it

was too delightful to wish to relinquish it, tired as he was of the eternal sameness of the abbey, where, from one end of the year to the other, all went on in the same dull, uninteresting, monotonous kind of manner, for he had none of the drowsy indolent propensities of his father; on the contrary, he was all animation and enterprise, and would early have entered the army, but for his patroness. Ever on the alert with regard to him, she soon discovered the cause of these now-frequent absences from home that had alarmed her suspicions, and quickly took him to task about it.

Henry, all regret and repentance for having disoblged her, gave her every assurance she could desire of greater steadiness for the future, and for a time adhered to his promise; but the temptation to break it was resistless; one of the consequences that sir George, when secretly laying himself out to get him drawn into an intimacy with the Keatings, had foreseen as likely to result from it, had oc-



curred. He had fallen in love with one of the handsome daughters of Mr. Keating, and to persevere in keeping away from her residence was more than he had resolution to do.

The consequence of the renewal of their intimacy was a speedy marriage. Her parents could give her no fortune, and making sure of Henry's being amply provided for by his patrons, they not only readily consented to their union, but did all in their power to hasten and promote it; but once secure of her (and Henry's courage almost failed him), he knew not how, without a friend to soften matters for him, to declare at the abbey what he had done; for sir George had artfully contrived to impress him with a conviction that he, even more than the countess, disliked the Keatings. However, it must be done; and so, accordingly, a few days after his—he could hardly tell whether or not half-repenting marriage, he repaired to the countess's dressing-room, where the chief

part of every day was passed in reading or working. It was an upper apartment, for the sake of the prospect, and looked down upon a steep chasm at the side of the building, where a turbulent mountain stream dashed onward towards the sea, through masses of broken rock.—“ Well, what news, Henry ?” she demanded, as he entered ; her usual question whenever he returned from any ramble.

He shook his head.—“ Oh, none !”

“ Well, according to the old adage, ‘ No news is good news.’”

“ Not always,” said Henry, as he threw himself dejectedly on a chair.

“ Why, what’s the matter ?” with a good-natured smile, and for the first time attentively observing him ; “ you look as dull this morning as an old judge. Have you spoiled your new fowling-piece, or has Miss Beauty got lame ? or has the purse got low sooner than was expected ? or have you been disappointed of a card for the approaching ball at Waterton ?”

“ No—nothing of this kind has happened to trouble me, and yet troubled I am.”

“ So I perceive. Come, relieve your mind, by telling me what it is about?”

“ I fear,” said Henry.

“ Then I am to infer it is something that will make me very angry.”

“ Oh, so I dread, so I dread !” said Henry, starting up and traversing the room with unequal steps ; “ but I swear,” he continued, suddenly stepping before her, “ that to atone for what I have done, there is nothing, in consequence, that I will not do.”

“ Very well, proceed to confession then, and by the time you have concluded, I shall consider what penance to inflict. But I hope, Henry,” suddenly changing her tone, and regarding him with austerity, “ it is not any thing about the Keatings I am to hear?”

Henry, for a moment, hid his face in his hands ; then, throwing himself at her feet, he confessed his marriage ; “ and

now," cried he, "that you know all, what would you have me do? for I am aware of what I have to fear from sir George."

"Then, upon my honour!" said her ladyship, laying her hand upon her heart, "since you ask me, I see nothing for you but to open one of the windows here, and leap out."

"I will not break my word this time," said Henry, and starting up, he flew to a window.

She rushed after him.—"Witless boy!" she exclaimed, throwing herself upon his arm, "what do you mean?"

"To obey you," replied Henry.

"Obey me!" she reproachfully repeated, as she closed the window; "when to do so would have been to make me happy, you refused. Unfortunate boy!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself, overpowered by emotion, on a chair, "what will become of you? Madly—rashly, you have defeated—frustrated my intentions, disappointed my hopes, and blighted all

your own prospects—prospects that the proudest, the greatest, might have envied you. But go—I cannot compose myself while you remain here.”

Henry sorrowfully obeyed, with a sting in his heart at the idea of what it was now evident his folly had lost him. But his affection for his gentle Rose was too sincere to permit him long to regret what he had lost by his marriage with her—“And yet, on her account, poor innocent wretch!” he cried, “should I not regret it; for to what misery probably has it been the means of dooming her?”

Scarcely could sir George, under the semblance of stern displeasure, conceal the joy he felt at the communication of his lady; but while he artfully kept this up, he affected to be ready to have something done for Henry.

Great was the pleasure of the countess at hearing this, as she would not have liked to have acted in opposition to his will, and yet would have been miserable

to have had no provision made for the offender.

Completely deceived by sir George, she readily consented to let him arrange all matters respecting him. This was all he wanted to prevent the alienation of the large property she had at her control, and to which indeed was owing his fear of offending her. Henry was speedily given to understand that he never would be received at the abbey again, but that, on condition of his leaving the kingdom immediately, he should receive two thousand pounds.

Great was the indignation of Henry at this attempt to banish him the kingdom; by those who, if he had not been an injured person, would have had no power to prescribe to him. The recollection of this, he thought, when the first burst of indignation at his conduct had subsided, should have operated to prevent any thing so wounding to his feelings; and under this idea, for a time, he indignantly hesitated

to accept what was offered to his acceptance. But his situation was desperate. Of the wretched patrimony inherited from his father, there was not sufficient for even the necessaries of life. His wife's family neither could nor would do any thing for her, if they had had the power, now that they saw, by his being thrown off by his patrons, they should derive none of those advantages from her alliance with him that they had expected ; and finally he was forced to subscribe to the conditions of sir George.

Matters were so arranged that the countess knew nothing of his departure till he was far on his way from the kingdom. She was all despair and repentance on hearing it, blaming herself for her harshness towards him. The marriage of her daughter with her cousin immediately after took place, and from this period the countess was never more seen or heard of, except as a being of deranged intellects.

Sir George did not survive the marriage.

of his daughter above a few years ; but his death occasioned no change in the condition of the countess ; she still continued under the control of creatures entirely devoted to him and lady Ambresbury, whose only care about her was, that she should be kept out of the sight of any one who could detect the fallacy of the reports spread about her, in order to invalidate any instrument which she might have privately executed in favour of Henry.

That she could not but sometimes feel some compunctious visitings of nature for this conduct to a parent who had always merited the appellation of one, may be supposed ; but still, as they occurred, she flew to dissipation to banish them.

The property of lord Ambresbury lay in England, and there their residence was fixed. A son and daughter constituted their family. Edwald, a fine, noble, handsome, open-hearted youth, was about seventeen when he took a romantic whim into his head of visiting the old abbey



at Dunamore, of which he had heard so many curious records and traditions. With some difficulty he obtained permission, but on the express condition of his not attempting to see his grandmother, under the pretext of a melancholy impression being likely to be made upon his mind by her sight.

In compliance with this stipulation, he was for some time at the abbey without attempting a thing of the kind, when one of the old domestics that had been dismissed, obtaining admission to him, gave him such hints as led him, without further delay, to seek the apartments where she was secluded, and introduce himself to her. The result of this was a terrible conviction on the mind of Edwald, that she had been the victim of the greatest injustice and cruelty; and with all the warmth of youth and feeling, he would at once have stood forth her champion, had she permitted; but by this time completely subdued by age and sorrow, and un-

willing to expose her daughter to that stigma she was aware must attach to her, were her unnatural conduct disclosed, she declined letting him risk embroiling himself with his family on her account, satisfied that from what she saw of his disposition, she might depend on his solemn promise of befriending Henry or his family, should they ever come in his way, and on whose account alone she could have wished for his interference for her.

From this time Edwald was in the habit of making frequent excursions to the abbey. His real motive for them was carefully concealed, and he had the satisfaction of thinking he greatly contributed to making the poor recluse there some amends for the past.

All his generous feelings awakened about Henry and his family. He lost no time in contriving to have inquiries made after him, but to no purpose; from the time of his leaving Ireland, he had never been heard of, and by many it was believed that he and his wife were dead.

He was near twenty when his grandmother died, and his mother immediately succeeded to the title and estate of Dunamore; and now that the former could not be injured by the disclosure, he revealed to the latter all that he had become acquainted with at the abbey, with an earnest request that she would promise to be the friend of Henry or his family, if it could be discovered either that he was living, or had left any.

Far, however from complying with this request, she accused him of credulous folly, for ever having given credit to the statement that had occasioned it; and finally concluded by declaring, that nothing should ever induce her to trouble herself about those for whom he so ridiculously interested himself.

## CHAPTER III.

She, with her widow'd mother,  
 Liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale,  
 By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.

.....

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
 Still on the ground, dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;  
 Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what their faithless fortune promis'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
 Of evening, shone in tears. *Rookby Hall.*

SWEETLY sequestered in woods stood the ancient seat of the still more ancient family of Ambresbury, in Wiltshire. Several fine pieces of water, dispersed through the grounds, with the river Avon flowing at the bottom of the extensive gardens, augmented the beauty of the situation. A picturesque bridge, thrown across the

river, led to a finely-wooded hill, whence there was an extensive view of the neighbouring downs, and a fine tract of country.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and grandeur of the forest scenery about the mansion. Towards the extremity of the park it was of a less magnificent, but perhaps more picturesque description, the rugged thorn and hardy fir there predominating over the oak, the ash, and the elm; but the glades among them, with their trooping deer, were inexpressibly beautiful, from their silvan softness. In one of the most sequestered of these stood a small cottage, rudely fenced in by old massy paling, and lost in the unpruned luxuriance of the honeysuckle and roses that rambléd over it. In this lived the widow and daughter of Henry—in this sought to shun

The cruel scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy passion and low-minded pride.

Henry quitted Ireland for America on a speculative plan. It did not answer; and after many years of painful vicissitude, he died without the comfort of thinking he had been able to realize any provision for his family, and in consequence enjoined his wife to return without delay to Europe, to see what could be done there amongst their connexions for them, from whom he now regretted having suffered his resentful feelings to occasion so complete an estrangement.

In compliance with this injunction, his widow prepared, immediately after his decease, for her departure thence; but her daughter only accompanied her. They had formed an intimacy with the commanding officer of a British regiment stationed near the place where they resided, and his family; and having heard their story, and pitying the situation of the widow, he kindly offered to take her son under his protection, and procure him a commission.

Mrs. Glenmorlie landed in England, and thence immediately wrote to Ireland, to make inquiries after their connexions there. The result of these was most distressing: of her own family, scarcely one remained, and none that had either ability or inclination to serve her; and lady Dunamore was no more. As soon as she had a little recovered from the shock imparted to her feelings by these disastrous tidings, she decided on trying, as her last hope, what an application to the present lady Dunamore would do, and accordingly proceeded to Wiltshire. At first she thought of a personal application; but when she reflected on her character, which she had early understood, she decided on writing, her mind being too sore, her spirit too wounded, to be able to endure the apprehension of encountering scorn, or coldness, or derision; and accordingly stopping at a small inn contiguous to the park, thence dispatched a letter to her,

detailing her situation, and imploring relief.

In vain she appealed to the humanity of lady Dunamore: humanity for her existed not in her breast. She knew not how it was, but she had always felt as if the possessions of her house were not secure, while any of the injured branch remained in existence. To afford them the means, therefore, of endeavouring to support this, was not by any means her plan, and an answer accordingly, of the most unfeeling description, was returned to the application for this, containing a positive prohibition against ever being troubled by one of the kind again.

None but those who know what it is to have hope extinguished within their bleeding bosom, can picture to themselves what the unfortunate Mrs. Glenmorlie felt at the receipt of this letter. Her brain became nearly bewildered by her situation, the expences of travelling having, by this time, nearly exhausted her means.



In this terrible predicament she heard, by chance, that there was a small cottage to let hard by, and it instantly occurred to her to become its tenant, till she could collect herself, and see to what account the few articles of value she had remaining could be turned. Her plan was soon carried into effect; but she had not been long in her new abode, when terror, anxiety, and fatigue, brought on a fever that endangered her life.

It was now the turn of Constance to feel despair, and no language could give utterance to the horrors that assailed her. She not only beheld herself on the point of losing her mother, but of losing her without human aid or consolation for herself at the dreadful moment, and with difficulty could she prevent herself from shrieking aloud in the wild anguish of her soul. At length she suddenly decided on writing to Edwald, and her whirling brain got cool on forming the decision. She had heard something of him—that he was reckoned ami-

able and feeling, and she determined to put him to the test.

The astonishment of Edwald at the receipt of this letter may easily be conceived, given up, as he had, by this time, almost all hope of ever hearing any thing of the family. That which had led to it he lost not a moment in realizing; and if pity and interest had previously been excited by it, how were they heightened on beholding the writer! But we shall pass over the scene that ensued: suffice it, that every thing that was requisite being now provided for Mrs. Glenmorlie, her disorder speedily took a favourable turn; and the tranquillity imparted to her mind, by the knowledge of having obtained such a friend, as soon as she was in a condition to hear the circumstance, quickly effected her complete recovery.

There was no longer a necessity for her remaining in this obscure retreat, but the importunities of Edwald prevailed on her to do so. He could not elsewhere, at pre-

sent, enjoy their society, and he could not bear the idea of relinquishing it; but when by degrees she perceived indications of a growing attachment between him and Constance, she began to repent her acquiescence in his wishes.

Trembling at the idea of her daughter's peace being trifled with, she shortly came to an explanation on the subject with him. The result quieted every apprehension. He avowed the most ardent passion; mentioned the sanction he was convinced it would have received from his grandmother, had she been living; and finally, by his arguments and representations, prevailed on Mrs. Glenmorlie to consent to his marriage with Constance as soon as he was of age; till when he feared inducing her to become his, lest, through the arbitrary temper of his parents, of involving her in any thing unpleasant.

What moments of ecstasy were these that were now passed at the cottage! The anxious heart of the mother, at rest about the future prospects of her child; the

child assured, for the remainder of her days, of a generous protector; and the lover, of clasping, in his selected bride, all that high fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish!

How impatiently did he fly from company, to wander with her through the forest glades—to feel her hanging on his arm—to read in those eyes, so sweet and so sedate, the varying emotions of her soul.

Once led to regard him as her future husband, the sensitive Constance no longer shrunk back from listening to the avowal of his attachment; and in giving utterance to its impassioned effusions—in picturing to her scenes of anticipated bliss, he experienced a happiness transcending what he had ever before experienced.

But malignant eyes were upon them—his frequent absences from home, his abstracted manner when there, and the vague excuses he made for not pursuing his usual sports and exercises, at length began to alarm his mother; inquiries were the

consequence of her suspicions, and the result of these a discovery of the continuance of Mrs. Glenmorlie in her neighbourhood, and his attachment to her daughter.

How did she now regret from selfishness not having afforded her the means of quitting it! But it was not too late, she trusted, to remedy the mischief that had ensued from her obduracy to the application for this. She acquainted lord Ambresbury with the discovery she had made, and a plan was laid between them for getting Edwald away. Open opposition to his wishes, they were aware, would prove ineffectual, and they accordingly decided on having recourse to artifice, for preventing what filled them with indignation but to think of.

Lord Ambresbury suddenly pretended to be summoned to France by a dying friend, and desired Edwald to prepare to accompany him. Edwald knew not how to refuse, and yet most unwilling was he to consent; but it was impossible for him not to do so; and a hasty leave of the dear

inmates of the cottage was the consequence. Of his truth, his sincerity, neither mother nor daughter had the slightest doubt; neither, from the artful way in which matters had been managed at the Hall, of any treachery there; and yet, notwithstanding all this, a presageful fear seized the heart of each on his intended journey being announced, and all that had so recently seemed certain and secure appeared to dissolve away, like a glittering illusion before their eyes.

He had not been long gone, when, returning one evening from a melancholy walk they had been taking in the forest, they found Mrs. Glenmorlie's desk broke open, and the whole of the money he had supplied her with taken away. This was a most distressing circumstance; however, the conviction that he would not delay, the moment he was acquainted with it, to prevent its subjecting them to any inconvenience, prevented the consternation it excited from being of any long continuance; and under this conviction, Mrs.

Glenmorlie not only continued her usual expences, but accepted bills for her son, which, by the desire of Edward, she had written to him to draw on her. The period for settling these was drawing on; and the people she dealt with about the place were beginning to get importunate for the arrangement of their demands; but still no remittance arrived, neither had one line been received from Edward since his departure, and she neither knew what to think, or what to do. The agony of her mind was heightened by the terrible state of terror and distress into which the conduct of Edward had also thrown Constance; and, in a word, her strength again sunk beneath the conflicts she was enduring, and her life was despaired of.

Deserted, as she now had reason to believe, by the man she loved—destitute of the means of procuring her mother any relief—and not only this, but trembling every moment with dread of seeing her dragged from her dying bed to all the horrors of a prison, what did not the mi-

serable Constance now endure! Chilled with wo, pale, inanimate, loathing life, she was kneeling to her God in agony too great for utterance, when the name of lady Dunamore was whispered in her ear, and a gleam of hope diffused itself through her anguished heart, under the idea that she had discovered her situation, and had come, touched at length with pity and compassion, to minister to her affliction.

Lady Dunamore was prepared to see loveliness, but not loveliness so perfect, so touching, as the wretched Constance's; she no longer wondered, on seeing her, at the passion of her son.

The deadly paleness of her face—the languishing softness of her eyes, denoted how much she stood in need of comfort. Their silent appeal to the heart was not unfelt, and for a moment lady Ambresbury forgot her resentment, and by a bursting tear declared her sympathy in the sorrow she witnessed.

Having introduced herself, though the ceremony was needless, Constance already



knowing her by sight, she proceeded to explain the purpose of her visit; she had received a letter from her son, she said, the effect of due consideration, confessing the error he had been guilty of, in thinking—of acting, contrary to the wishes of his family, and, with her forgiveness for it, entreating her to take upon herself the absolving him from the engagement he had had the imprudence to enter into.

The fainting soul of Constance for a few minutes rendered her incapable of hearing more; when she recovered, oh! to what intenseness of agony was it! Did he then wish to break his engagement to her? and was it in such a moment of unbearable woe that the cruel avowal was to be made? She cast her appealing eyes to heaven, and she implored the God of Mercy to take her with her dying mother.

But the transient emotions of pity over, lady Ambresbury was not again to be moved by the sight of her distress; she rested not till she had wrung from her

pale and quivering lips a solemn promise, never more to hold intercourse with her son, should he have the weakness, the temerity, to think of seeking the renewal of their engagement—"And for your own sake, as well as his, I ask this," she cried, "since it must be evident to you, from what has occurred, that very little dependence is to be placed on his steadiness; and that the privations he must incur, should he disoblige his father and me, would speedily occasion repentance for the headlong folly that had drawn them upon him."

But the promise thus extorted was not enough; she proceeded to state that she was acquainted with the melancholy condition of her mother, and perfectly inclined to afford all the relief and assistance it required, on one condition—that was, that Constance should consent to give her hand immediately to a person who had seen, admired her, and was ready to take her as a kinswoman of hers; but on no other, as no other could quiet the apprehensions she

laboured under, of something unpleasant yet occurring to her son on her account.

But this was a condition to which not even the necessities of her dying mother could induce Constance to accede; she shrunk from it in horror and disgust; and loading her with reproaches, lady Ambresbury left her. But when, the next day, bailiffs entered the house, and she saw an effort made to remove her mother from the bed, where she appeared to be breathing her last, how did she shriek, in the distraction of her soul, at having hesitated about it! Winged with despair, she flew to the inexorable countess, and flinging herself at her feet, called upon her to dispose of her as she pleased, so she would rescue her from the horror of the scene with which she was threatened.

No time was lost in taking advantage of the terror into which she was thrown. She was just of age—a licence was therefore procured without difficulty; and ere she well knew what she was about, she became the wife of a dependent of lord Ambresbury's.

—“ Yet, if the sacrifice avails,” she cried, as she recovered to a perception of the misery to which she had doomed herself; but, alas! it did not—her mother lived not to benefit or to suffer by what she had done for her; and, in a state of insensibility, she was removed from her lifeless remains, and immediately taken from the neighbourhood, and, through the artful management of lady Dunamore, without any one either knowing what had happened, or whither she was gone.

## CHAPTER IV.

————— 'Tis well—'tis solitude indeed—  
 'Tis dreadful—'tis superb! This sacred spot  
 No mortal man frequents. Beneath that wall,  
 That mouldering threatens ruin on my head,  
 I'll sit me down, and let no curious eye  
 Trace out my hallow'd haunt; let none appear,  
 Unless to make the scene more solemn still,  
 From out yon tomb its sheeted tenant rise,  
 And wail his woes with mine. Love laid him there—  
 Rejected love! e'en then more blest than me.  
 Time might have made him happy, and his truth  
 Might have rewarded; but, ah! where's the hour?  
 When shall it come to bring me peace again?  
 Can it restore Constantia? say, shall time  
 Open the grave, and force its marble jaws  
 To render back to life the beauteous frame  
 It has enclos'd? No, no—she's gone for ever—  
 Ever gone!

—————Hark! pretty warbler!  
 And dost thou mourn thy love too? how my soul  
 Doth pity thee! 'Tis Philomel; and now,  
 Whilst all the forest sleeps, she tells her loss—  
 Her bitter loss, like mine. Yet she's blest too—  
 Pass but a summer, a short year, and then

She rests ; but I must wear this hated being ;  
 Perhaps for me Death has an age to wait :  
 And then Heav'n's vengeance 'gainst self-murder !  
 Oh, insupportable ! The horrid thought  
 Throws grief on grief ; and yet it cannot be—  
 The wound's too deeply giv'n ; 'tis not long  
 That I can last. Oh ! might, my love, thy ghost  
 But bless for once my eyes ! wouldst thou but speak  
 The words of peace to my distracted soul,  
 I should be happy ! I would know the will  
 Of Heav'n ; but in this doubtful state I'm curst ;  
 For there must be a Heav'n—nought but that  
 Could form thee as thou wast ; from thence thou cam'st,  
 And thither art return'd. Yet if there be,  
 Why are things so ? why am I punish'd thus ?  
 My love was ever pure as Vestal flames,  
 No gross desires ere tainted it ; and thou  
 Wast innocence itself. Is there a reason  
 I should be tortur'd thus ? I've heard  
 That souls like thine in shades here oft return'd,  
 To soothe their lovers' sorrows, till the time  
 Of bliss arrive ; but here no comfort dawns—  
 No white-rob'd messenger of peace descends—  
 Nought to my plaint responsive, save the screams  
 Of night's foul bird—the owl, and hollow groans  
 From yon old fane, which, ever and anon,  
 With hideous noise, comes tumbling down.

*Inscription in an old ruined Monastery in Normandy.*

WHILE these steps were taken for de-  
 stroying the happiness of Edwald by her  
 who should have been most zealous to

promote it, Edwald himself was enduring all the tortures of anxiety and suspense. In vain was letter after letter dispatched to England—no answer was ever received ; and equally vain were the efforts he made to leave his father ; on one pretext or other, their stay on the Continent was prolonged, till upwards of a year had expired there, and Edwald had become exhausted, both in body and mind, by what he suffered.

Scarcely did he find himself again at the Hall, ere, regardless of what might be thought of the circumstance, he fled from it, to visit the cottage. The day was closing in as he reached it, but there was no light from the windows to enliven the gloom—no sound, no sign of life within ; yet it was too early for the family to have retired to repose, and his heart misgave him at the first glance at the place. But when, attempting to open the gate, he found it locked, and on making his way over it, the little walk leading up to the

cottage-door completely choked up with weeds, a terrible conviction of the truth flashed upon his mind ; still, however, he lingered, but no voice replied to his call, no sound met his ear, save the hollow wind, sweeping in hollow gusts through the shadowing woods ; and he at length retreated, to try whether he could obtain any satisfaction at any of the neighbouring cottages, about its late occupants.

As he was making his way to the nearest in his recollection, he encountered an old woodman, muttering over to himself the earnings of the day, as with his dog he trudged homeward. Abruptly stopping him, Edwald addressed to him the inquiry he was so anxious to have answered.

“ Know what’s become of un ? ” repeated the old man, doffing his hat over and over again ; “ bless yer heart ! and be ye igrant yersel, zir ? But that’s true, you’ve been in foreign parts, they says, and it may be moin hard to get news there loike from this ; why, zir, the old lady be dead ! ”



“Dead!” exclaimed Edwald, with a recoiling sensation.

“Ay, zure, zir, she be dead, and buried too, zir, in that fearsome place, Yewly.”

“And the daughter?”

“She be gone too, zir.”

“Gone!” repeated Edwald, starting, and grasping his arm—“you don’t say she is dead too?”

“Noa, zir, noa; she may be alive and merry, for aught I know to the contrary, but she vanished from this like a spirit, as my old dame says, without never letting nobody know nothing at all of the matter, not even master Parkson himself, from whom they had the cottage.”

“Extraordinary,” said Edwald, “that no one should know whither she went.”

“Yes, zir, zo it be, and zo zome of the folks about here do say; but wherever she be, they do say they wish her well, for she was a koind soul, always ready to do a sarvice to a neighbour, if she could.—But be quiet, Ranger—I say be quiet,”

speaking to his dog, who was whining and jumping about him all the time. “I hope you’ll ’cuse him, zir; but the poor beastes have no manners loike; ya see, zir, he expects sumat when he gets home, and so that makes him impatient.”

“And Mrs. Glenmorlie is buried at Yewly?” cried Edwald, scarcely knowing what he said.

“Yes, zir, the poor soul be buried there,” and at Edwald’s desire he proceeded to describe the exact spot.—“Every one to their fancy, to be zure, as my old dame says,” he continued; “but to mine ’tis a strange one, to be rather laid among nettles, and wild briars, and brambles, and troubled spirits, and what not of other rubbish, than in a clean, decent churchyard, like our village one, with such foine godly sayings on the gravestones to read. It would do any one good, I’m zure and certain, and make him prepare for his latter end, to read this on farmer Thatchem’s:—

' Here be I, that once was stout,  
 And here thou'lt be, don't make no doubt ;  
 For thof I cannot come to thee,  
 'Tis certain zure thou'lt come to me.  
 The longest life is but a blast,  
 Zo make thee hay while zun do last."

" Good-night !" said Edwald, putting  
 some money in his hand ; " and if you  
 can make out for me where the daughter  
 is, you will oblige me."

Yewly was indeed a fearful place to the  
 neighbouring rustics, as old David said.  
 Centuries had elapsed since its desertion  
 and decay, and credulity had peopled it  
 with all that was appalling to superstition.  
 Founded as early as the heptarchy by a  
 Saxon prince, from whom the family of lord  
 Ambresbury boasted of their origin, a con-  
 siderable part of it was now but a massive  
 pile of ivy-mantled ruins ; yet still within  
 its mouldering walls was the burying-place  
 of the descendants of its founder. The  
 narrow walks winding through the trees  
 that filled up the extensive enclosure  
 about it were so overgrown with grass,  
 and choked up with briars and brambles,

that it was difficult to make the way through them, or decipher the ancient records of mortality the place contained. Within the pile indeed some stately tombs were still discovered, but in so perishable a state, green with damp, and sinking to decay, as to prove how fallacious is the hope of those who expect to have their names perpetuated to posterity through such means. A massive arch, with a succession of others falling behind it, gave admission to the place; but the rich window of gorgeous colouring, that had once emitted a purple glory through this grand perspective, was no more. Trees, sprung up from amongst the rubbish, spread themselves with ivy amongst the shattered pillars, where, in place of the rich banner, the long dank grass now waved over the warrior's tomb.

Shunned by all but the melancholy and musing, or the traveller curious in research, or fond of indulging in the emotions excited by grandeur in decay, the owl here sung unmolested her strains of

melancholy to the moonshine that slept upon its mouldering battlements, and the bat spread its leathern wings in security. A kind of sluggish repose seemed always to prevail around it; no sound almost was ever heard here, but the pent-up wind, moaning through the long lone aisles, or sweeping the hanging woods with a hollow murmur; the lazy ass here enjoyed himself in luxurious indolence; and if by chance a sudden storm drove a shepherd with his flock, or a woodman to it, they were not long ere they sought another shelter.

Hither, now impelled by a resistless impulse, Edwald guided his steps. The silent tenant of the tomb could not satisfy the anxiety that tortured his heart, and yet he felt as if it would be a relief to him to visit the grave of Mrs. Glenmorlie. He bent over it with strong emotion; all that had occurred in their parting interview now recurred to his recollection, and the more he reflected on this, the more he wondered at what had followed, and for

the first time a vague suspicion of treachery crossed his mind. This at once decided him on having no farther concealment relative to Constance—honour, faith, humanity, all demanded that he should now be explicit concerning her, nor rest till he had discovered what had become of her. He trembled when he thought of all she must have suffered—all she might then be undergoing; yet should he, contrary to his presageful fears, find her in health and safety, still what a damp upon the happiness of the moment would be the loss of her mother—that gentle being whom he had loved with the affection of a son, and to whom, he fondly hoped, it would have been given him to have made some reparation for the past! In vain he thought of that happier state of existence to which she was translated, where there is fullness of joy and pleasure evermore; grief the most acute pervaded his bosom for her, and with difficulty he tore himself away from her grave. Yewly was a favourite haunt of hers and

Constance: on the very spot where she now rested, had they all often lingered together, to contemplate the sublime spectacle of the setting sun, and listen to the breeze sighing through the woods.

The explanation that now ensued was what lord Ambresbury and his mother had expected, but they bore it with patience, from knowing they had nothing further to fear from Constance. Unsuccessful in his diligent inquiries about her in the neighbourhood, he became nearly distracted, and unable to continue for any time in a place. In one of his desultory tours, he stopped for a few days at a little retired village in one of the northern counties; strolling about the romantic environs of the village, he found himself one evening in a secluded valley, through which flowed, with an impetuous but interrupted course, a rapid river. The stones that impeded its current occasioned those "plaintive hollow murmurings" which, as a descriptive tourist observes,

“are adapted to recall the gay wandering mind from secular pursuits to philosophical contemplations, and bring to our recollection that tumultuous joys and pleasures form not the real happiness of the soul.”

Edwald wanted not any thing to give a pensive turn to his thoughts; but whatever was in union with their melancholy was pleasing to him; and he continued to wander on, till roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the soft accents of a well-known voice, from an antique summer-house, looking down on the torrent below; he sprung up the rocky bank, and in another moment had Constance in his arms; but how altered! She shrieked at seeing him, and, with a look of terror, would have disengaged herself from his arms, but he held her fast.

Through her husband, who was a rude unfeeling man, she had long before become acquainted with the treachery that had been practised to separate them, and her soul recoiled from the agony of the



explanation that must now take place; for she saw at once, by the manner of Edwald, that he was in ignorance of her marriage.—“And is this my reception?” he cried, reproachfully, “after so long a separation?” as she struggled to disengage herself from him.

“Leave me, for Heaven’s—for mercy’s sake!” cried the agitated Constance, for the servant to whom she had been speaking at the time that Edwald had heard her had quitted the building, and, in consequence, she was in terror of seeing her husband every moment enter.—“Leave me,” she conjured him, “and all that you require to have explained—that you wish to hear, you shall learn.”

Edwald could not—would not obey her, which perceiving, and aware of all that was likely to result from finding him with her, she suddenly burst from his grasp, and bolting the door communicating with the garden on the outside, compelled him thus to retreat by the way he had entered.

She had previously learned where he

was in the village; and he had not been long returned to the inn, whither he hastened back for the purpose of addressing a reproachful letter to her, when he received the following from her, brought by an old confidential Irish servant, who had been for some time in the service of her mother.

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“Cruel must I call the chance which has again brought about a meeting between Edwald and me! He may exclaim at the expression—he may wonder when he learns that Constance has prayed, even fervently prayed, that they might meet no more; but wonder will cease, though not indignation, perhaps, when he learns that she is no longer at liberty to receive those assurances that rendered former meetings so delightful. He may—he will perhaps call her faithless, perfidious, on learning this; but, with the rest of her sorrows, she must bear with patience the loss of his esteem.

“ Yet should she endeavour to justify herself—but, alas! it is useless now! In this moment, when about bidding him a final adieu—in this moment of unutterable anguish, she conjures him, by all that is feeling and generous in his nature, never more to seek another interview with her.

“ She has an infant child—should disgrace attach to her, it must share in it, and grow up perhaps to reproach the memory of its wretched mother.

“ Yes—memory; for she feels in this world her race is nearly run—in that which is to come she hopes to receive some recompence for the sorrows that have subdued her in this. Then destroy not, oh, Edward! that hope, by trying to make her forget her duty. This must for ever conclude her correspondence with you—must be her eternal farewell. Farewell! chilling expression! she lingers over it—over her last adieu to one who was so kind, so generous, so beloved a friend.

“ CONSTANCE.”

We shall pass over what immediately followed the receipt of this letter—suffice it, that the explanation to which it led to from the faithful Esther made Edwald perfectly acquainted with the treachery to which he had been the dupe. For some minutes he stood suspended between his savage eagerness to rush upon his mother with reproaches, and his wish to implore forgiveness of Constance for the wrong he had involuntarily done her; but the latter prevailed. In vain however the interview he sought was implored. Constance could not be prevailed on to mock her Creator, by praying to him to guard her from temptation, whilst she rushed voluntarily into it herself; and finding it useless to torment her on the subject, he returned home. Here the scene that ensued occasioned an estrangement of some time between him and his parents: at length the interference of mutual friends brought about a kind of reconciliation between them, but confidence on his side was forever destroyed in them.

At length he again returned privately to the neighbourhood of Constance; he was within a little way of the village, when a funeral bell struck out, and presently after he saw the melancholy procession it announced approaching. He mechanically drew up his horse to the side of the road to let it pass, and was vacantly regarding the hearse, when the name of De Grey, Constance's husband, accidentally pronounced, roused him from his abstraction, and eagerly inquiring, he learned that he was indeed the person they were bearing to the grave.

But the dawn of hope was but transient; the person who gave him this information, not satisfied with this, proceeded to inform him also of the malignant disorder of which he had died, and that his wife, in attending on him, had also caught it, and was then despaired of.

Edwald heard no more; he spurred on his horse to the house so lately prohibited to him, and found that he had indeed ar-

rived but in time to receive the last sigh of Constance—it was breathed on his bosom: restored to her reason a short time previous to her dissolution, she had heard his frantic exclamations in the hall, and desired he might be admitted to her.

She noticed him the moment he entered —“ Be calm, Edwald,” she cried, as he sunk beside the bed, and sobbed aloud; “ regret not that my sorrowful pilgrimage here is at an end.” She raised her head, but it sunk immediately again on his arm. —“ Oh! what happiness,” she continued, “ to breathe my last sigh on your bosom, and be at liberty to assure you with it, how dear! how very dear——”

Her lips quivered—she gasped—she turned her dying eyes once more upon him, and closed them for ever.

For hours after all was darkness and horror; he then gave orders for her funeral, and actuated by something like frenzy, mounted his horse, and stopped not again till he found himself at home. His

wild and disordered appearance alarmed his parents, but their anxious inquiries obtained no satisfaction from him.

In the course of the evening, he contrived to draw his mother from the house with him. The remains of Constance were brought to Yewly for interment, and all things being arranged according to his orders, he now led his mother thither. After sauntering about some time, he drew her on, by imperceptible degrees, towards it, through the conversation he forced himself to keep up with her, for the purpose of preventing her being aware of what he was about.

The shadows of night were gathering about it by the time they reached it, and nothing could be more dreary, more desolate, than the aspect of the massive ruins, stretching into the funereal darkness of old yews and cypresses, while a moaning wind swayed the long grass of the tombs, and swept with a hollow murmur through the woods.

“No, no! I cannot go on indeed, my

dear Edwald!" said his mother, stopping short on perceiving whither he had led her — "I have an absolute horror of that place, with its glooms, and its graves, and its inscriptions."

"And yet youth and beauty can rest here without shuddering," said Edwald, retaining his firm hold of her, and, despite of her resistance, forcing her onward.

Within the very interior of the pile was a chapel, still kept up in good preservation, and here the remains of Constance were laid out, with funeral candles lighted about the coffin. Lady Dunamore started at the sight—"Good God!" she exclaimed, "what is all this?"

The folding-doors of wrought iron unclosed at the touch of Edwald—the pall was thrown back—"And there," he cried, pointing to the plate upon the coffin, "that will satisfy you."

She read, shrieked, and started back, and—"My God! my God! when and where did this happen?" were her exclamations.



“Idle questions!” replied Edwald, with all the fierceness of despair; “suffice it, there lies your victim—the victim of cruel ambition and treachery—all that remains of worth, of beauty, and excellence, that would have graced any station. But hear me vow—hear me swear, by that Heaven which has so soon recalled her to itself, never to know another choice!”

Lady Dunamore shrieked—“Edwald! Edwald,” she cried, “if you do not wish to drive me to distraction, recall that vow!”

But vain were her supplications, and a kind of gloomy pleasure pervaded his soul at the idea of the revenge it had given him the power of inflicting.

The shock imparted to lady Dunamore by what had happened occasioned a speedy change in her disposition and manner; feelings never before experienced were awakened; but the amendment of her heart took place too late for her happiness—her son was entirely lost to her. The deserted abode of Mrs. Glenmorlie became

his residence, and the faithful Esther, with the infant of Constance, its inmates with him; nor could any entreaties induce him to enter society again, nor cancel the vow he had taken.

At length lord Ambresbury, naturally of a stern and unfeeling nature, became so exasperated by his conduct as to desist from seeing him. His mother, however, all repentance for the past, continued to keep up an intercourse with him; but the only one of the family he had any pleasure in seeing was his sister Clara. The health of lady Dunamore at last yielded to the anxiety of her mind, and in less than a year after the death of Constance, she followed her to the tomb.

Shortly after, the brother of Constance, mournfully affected by these disastrous events, came, at the earnest request of Edwald, to pay a visit at the cottage; he was a very fine young man, and the innocent heart of Clara soon began to feel a prepossession in his favour.

Lord Ambresbury had hitherto trou-

bled himself very little about her visits at the cottage; but he no sooner heard of the arrival of the young soldier than he thought it time to interdict them, though had he known all, he would have known there was nothing to apprehend on that account, Glenmorlie being under an engagement to the daughter of his patron. However, he knew nothing of this, and even if he had, he would have pretended ignorance, in order to have had an opportunity of offering an insult where he hated.

Accordingly, as the little party were sitting together one evening, he rushed in upon them, with looks expressive of the infuriate passions of his soul; and after loading them all with reproaches, and accusing Glenmorlie of having formed the same plan for ensnaring the sister that had been formed for ensnaring the brother, proceeded to drag his almost-fainting daughter away.

Consideration for Edwald alone restrained Glenmorlie from resenting this accusation in the manner it merited; but after

such a one, he could not possibly think of remaining longer with him; and thus, through the cruel conduct of his father, was he deprived of a friend that was beginning to acquire some influence over him, and might gradually have succeeded in winning him back to the society he had renounced.

But to have him restored to this was not now the wish of lord Ambresbury. He had made proposals for a young lady in the neighbourhood, but to accepting which his family was an obstacle—mothers and daughters-in-law seldom agreed together; and then his son cut off the hopes of any she might have; and in malignant rage at the idea of his being a bar to his happiness, he felt infinitely more inclined to thwart and prevent any thing that could be done for his benefit than promote it.

Through his means, from whom nothing now was to be expected—no gratification to either paternal pride or ambition, to be doomed himself to disappointment, was intolerable; and after brooding

for some time over the thought, he decided on at least rendering him as wretched as possible, in consequence, by treating him as a maniac, not without a horrible hope of the treatment he would be subjected to effecting what he wished ; while at the same time he also decided on getting rid of his daughter, by forcing her to accept a proposal that about this period had been made for her.

There was no one to interfere about Edwald, or disprove his assertions about him—assertions which the life Edwald had latterly led had given but too much colour to ; and he was remorselessly torn from the cottage, and hurried to a place of severe confinement ; while his terrified sister was assured, that if she hesitated to accept the offer that was made her, she should be treated with the greatest severity.

Of this, from what had occurred to her unfortunate brother, she made no doubt ; but her very soul recoiled from the idea of obeying the unfeeling mandate of her imperious father ; she not only abhorred

the person, but character of the person, who had proposed for her; and finally decided on flying from the tyranny she could not otherwise resist. An old friend of her mother's lived in London, and with her she determined to take refuge, till either she was of age, or some measures could be had recourse to, to induce her cruel father to give up his determination of forcing her inclinations.

No suspicion being entertained of her intention, she found no difficulty in carrying it into effect. Disguising herself as well as she could, she stole from the house one night, with a small parcel, containing a few valuables, after it was thought she had retired to her chamber, and repaired to a place in the park by which she knew a stage passed to London. But with what sensations of mingled grief, and terror, and regret, did she quit her home! and how did her fainting soul seem to die within her, when, in passing through a gallery to the door by which she was to effect her escape, a full-orbed moon, dart-

ing through the windows, and giving to her view the picture of her mother, recalled those happy days, when, enjoying maternal love and protection, she seemed to have nothing to fear!

The herald of the morning was just beginning to salute her ear with its melodious notes, when the expected coach appeared in view, and took her up. She was a little startled at finding three passengers within ; but she soon found, or rather imagined, she had nothing to apprehend from them ; for though two of them quickly resumed the slumbers which the opening of the door, and the letting-in of the cold air of morning on them had disturbed, the other continued to observe her. He was a young Scotchman, and was convinced, at his first glance of her, there was something wrong. In this suspicion he was confirmed on hearing her speak ; her accents were not those of a person in the inferior situation which her travelling without protection might have warranted one

to believe, and his curiosity was strongly excited; while aware of the dangers to which her youth and appearance exposed her, he determined not to lose sight of her till he had seen what became of her.

## CHAPTER V.

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“ Her steps were lonely, and her soul was sad, for Connel. Was he not young and lovely, like the beam of the setting sun?”

IN pursuance of this determination, he assisted in conducting her to a room, on their alighting at the inn in London, and where the scene of noise, confusion, and danger, which, on driving under the gateway, was exhibited to the view of Clara, nearly deprived her of her senses—with coaches coming in and out—waggon's loading and unloading—passengers clamorous about their luggage—porters running in all directions—and ostlers forcing their



way with their horses through all impediments.

A little recovered from her panic, Dundonald proceeded to ask her whether he could be of any further service to her? She hesitated, and then falteringly mentioned the place she had to go to. Dundonald proposed her sending for her friend; and trembling with terror at the idea of proceeding to her by herself, from the impression made upon her nerves by her entrance into London, Clara acceded to the proposition, and a note was accordingly dispatched to her friend; Dundonald, to her great comfort, continuing with her; for from the attention he had paid her throughout her journey, she could not help regarding him something in the light of an acquaintance, and she was endeavouring to enter into something like conversation with him, when she suddenly missed her little parcel. Dundonald immediately proceeded to inquire for it, but in vain, and the consternation of Clara at

its loss would have been inexpressible, but for the friend she made sure of having to receive her: what then were her feelings may easier be conceived than described, when the porter returned to say her friend was dead! The curdling blood ran cold to her heart, at the horrible predicament in which she found herself, and for a few minutes Dundonald thought life must have forsaken her frame.

When, at length, by the gentlest soothing, he brought her a little to herself, he conjured her to say how he could serve her. —“Serve me!” repeated the distracted Clara—“you cannot serve me!” and her brain grew dizzy; and unable longer to support herself, she allowed the woman of the house to be rung for her; and Dundonald, committing her to her care, immediately took his departure for Richmond.

A widow lady, of the name of Duncan, resided there, from whose benevolence he made sure of obtaining for the youthful stranger that protection she so peculiarly

required. He was not too sanguine in his expectations; naturally compassionate, the sympathy of Mrs. Duncan for the unfortunate was heightened by a bitter knowledge of what sorrow was in her own person. The moment she heard the affecting detail of Dundonald, she was ready to take wing with him—"For we canna be ganging too soon," she cried, "lest any harm should happen to the winsome little soul where ye left her; and, ah! ye're a bonny chiel, Charley lad!" she continued. "I wish all I had a wee regard for were so sure of a gude birth above—always ready to stand forth the champion of the widow and the orphan. See what would have become of the bonny bairn, gif an she had come across any of those prowling wolves that are ganging aboot with the deil in their hearts, seeking whom they may devour!"

The praise she bestowed on Dundonald was not unmerited—never was there a more feeling heart—never a more noble nature: fortune alone prevented his being

a universal benefactor to mankind; but he was only a cadet, compelled, though of a most respectable family, to make exertions for support; confined, however, as were his means, he still had had the power of conferring obligations on Mrs. Duncan that never were forgotten, and made her regard him in the light of a son.

They found Clara in the delirium of a fever; but an inn was no place to nurse her in; she was accordingly muffled up, and conveyed to Richmond, where probably she never would have recovered, but for the truly-maternal care that was taken of her, and where, as probably, she would have relapsed on regaining her senses, but for the kind assurances of Mrs. Duncan, of retaining her with her.

Convinced, from the honour and humanity she had experienced, she might safely place confidence where she was, she was no sooner sufficiently recovered to enter into an explanation concerning herself, than she frankly revealed her story. Mrs. Duncan had anticipated something of the

kind, but not by any means that she was of the rank she was, and felt a little uneasy at learning it, from the inconvenience she was aware she might subject herself to, from assisting to secrete a person of her description from her family; she had given her promise to that effect, however; and after what she heard of the cruel tyranny of lord Ambresbury, she could not think of breaking it; and if she had, Dundonald would have interfered, and his interference was never vain with her.

The consequences of the growing intimacy between him and Clara may be anticipated. To the disposition already described—a disposition that imparted a resistless softness to his tones and manner, he united all the advantages of a fine person, and a cultivated and accomplished mind; and gradually gaining upon the esteem and admiration of Clara, he stole one image from her mind to substitute another in it.

Viewing with him the enchanting beauties of the place where they were—enjoy-

ing with him the delicious sweetness of the evening air, when the nightingale tunes sweetest her love-laboured song, how often was Clara lulled into a forgetfulness of the past, till recalled by some casual circumstance, yet perhaps without her being able to say by what connecting association with it—so hidden are the links by which the past and present are connected in our minds! But how beautifully do these lines illustrate this!

“ But ever and anon, of griefs subdued,

There comes a token, like a scorpion's sting,  
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;

And slight withal may be the things which bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
Aside for ever; it may be a sound—

A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.”

Mrs. Duncan knew not what to say to their growing attachment; she knew Donald had no independence for a family, and considered lord Ambresbury's ever taking his daughter again into favour very uncertain; but at length her wish to see

him happy got the better of her prudence, and she began pleading for him with Clara, and with whose own heart seconding her arguments for him, she shortly succeeded.

A journey to Scotland ensued; and immediately after their return from being married, Clara addressed a letter to her father, explanatory of all that had happened since her leaving the paternal roof. To this a bitter answer was returned—Since she had chosen, he said, to forget so long that she had a father, it was his determination now not to remember the circumstance, but in new connexions to endeavour to find consolation for the ingratitude and folly of two degenerate children.

Little as Clara expected from her unfeeling parent, still she had not altogether expected such an answer as this—"If not from principle, at least from pride," she thought, "some little provision would be made for her;" and the disappointment of this expectation was a most severe one.

That the daughter of such a house should not, by settlement, have a fortune secured to her, may appear strange; but through the anxiety of her grandfather, sir George Glenmorlie, to have her parents married, lest of any disappointment of this favourite wish from her grandmother, no delay was allowed for making the settlements usual on such occasions, and which afterwards were put off from time to time, till they at length ceased to be thought of.

Dundonald, however, affected to think lightly of what had so affected her, and in reality did so, for he was young and sanguine in his temper, and just then so happy, from the secured possession of her he loved, that all must go on well, he thought; and Mrs. Duncan reminded them that they were her children, and that whatever she had would be theirs; and Dundonald, whose situation was in a mercantile house in London, giving up his lodgings there, they became permanently fixed with her.

And never was there a happier little



domestic circle ; home was here what it should always be—the resort of peace, and love, and joy. Every thing to each other, they were only anxious the present bliss might continue : but, alas ! life is but one great scene of eternal change ! how few, for any length of time, can keep their frail bark moored in the haven of tranquillity, or bask in the sunshine, without feeling a cloud intercepting the genial warmth ! Clara had just recovered from giving birth to a lovely boy, when their more than mother was taken from them ; and so sudden was her death, that the will she had always intended to make in their favour was not made ; so that whatever she died possessed of went to a distant relative, who having long regarded them with envy and ill-will, had no hesitation in making them quit the house immediately, where so many—many happy hours—so many blissful days, had been passed.

But this was but the beginning of sorrows—Mrs. Duncan was scarcely laid within her grave, when Dundonald, through

the malice of some envious interloper, was informed he was no longer required in the house where he had so long been. He tried, however, to support himself under the shock imparted by the intimation, by a hope of soon obtaining another situation; but this hope proved fallacious—day after day he returned from town, still disappointed, feeling, even to an excruciating degree, that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Their finances declined; his health became impaired, his temper altered; and Clara, from being the most blessed of wives, became the most wretched. Distress by himself Dundonald could have endured; but distress in which a wife and child were to share, he had not fortitude to support: yet sometimes, out of compassion to the miserable Clara, he would force a sickly smile upon his countenance, and essay to be what he once was; but when their languid steps involuntarily guided them to that loved—that regretted home, now closed for ever against them, where so much happiness had been expe-

rienced, the sickening sensations of his soul, at the torturing contrast between the past and present, would send him back with redoubled gloom.

At length he became so ill as to be unable to quit his bed, and without some relief for his distracted mind, Clara saw no hope of his recovering. Under what she now endured, her sinking frame could hardly support her: she was literally alone, forsaken, faint, without a friendly bosom to lean on for assistance, or friendly voice to speak consolation to her; but to suffer herself to sink beneath her sorrows, and he who was dearer to her bleeding heart than ever must perish with her.

A hundred times she took up a pen to address her father, to conjure him, if he would not relieve her as a child, yet to do so as a suffering fellow-creature; but as often she threw it aside, in utter despair of succeeding with him. He had, long before this, obtained the person for whom he had literally sacrificed his children; and just about this period, Clara

suddenly heard of her elopement from him.

She had scarcely heard it when it struck her, that perhaps what he suffered from this event might have had a softening effect upon him, and induce him to have pity on her, if he but saw her—saw her, as she was, wasted, worn down with sorrow and fatigue. Yet how could she leave her husband to present herself to his view? how commit him, in whom her very life seemed centered, to the care of others, when her own tenderest care was insufficient for him? Yet the journey to the Hall was not a long one; and so much might be achieved by undertaking it, that the pang of a temporary separation was worth enduring for his sake; and finally she mentioned it to Dundonald.

After a slight hesitation, he strenuously recommended her making the effort, and she accordingly began to make preparations for her journey; yet a thousand times, in doing so, her resolution nearly faltered, and but for the desperation of

her situation, she would have abandoned her design altogether, from a dread of disappointment. But at last the moment of heart-riving anguish came for taking leave of her beloved : a hundred times she gave him what she meant to be her parting kiss, but as often she returned to repeat it—to look at him again—to press his emaciated hands to her anguished bosom, and call upon the God of Mercies, with quivering lips, to spare him, to restore him to her, to bless him with all the blessings that his virtues, his faithful love, and tenderness, deserved.

At last she was forced to tear herself away, but at the door she turned to take another look : it would have been well for her if she had not ; for, oh ! never, never, from that moment, from her tortured imagination was effaced the last ashy look of fainting tenderness she then caught ! It was the first she saw of a morning—the last she beheld at night ; it was for ever present to her, sleeping or

awake, wringing, even at times upbraiding, her widowed heart.

She was taken up at Brentford, and about night-fall dropt at a little inn contiguous to the Hall, and within the deep shadow of the immense woods that here, in all the pomp of foliage and luxuriance of maturity, waved their gigantic arms athwart the rugged and vegetative banks, and in receding masses extended their gloomy shades to an interminable distance, shedding a brown horror over many a darksome dell and lonely byepath.

The view of these magnificent woods, so calculated to inspire awe and admiration, served but to heighten the anguish of the desolate Clara, from the recollections they revived. Merely pausing to assure herself her father was at the Hall, she set out for it, unrecognised by any one, owing to her close disguise and altered appearance.

On seeing her making towards the woods, the woman of the house, who,

from thinking there was something odd in her manner, had been watching her, followed to remonstrate with her on the imprudence of venturing into their tangled paths at such an hour, when day was not only rapidly closing in, but there was every reason to believe a storm was coming on; but she was not to be dissuaded, and accordingly soon found herself within the deep gloom of her native shades, whose murmurs, bringing back the memory of the past, robbed her almost of the power of proceeding.

She had not left the inn many minutes ere the storm that was apprehended came on with tremendous fury, exciting such alarm for her safety, as, with scarce a moment's intermission, one percussive peal followed another, as to induce the people of it to brave its violence in quest of her; but in vain they sought her, not knowing the direction in which she meant to go, till at length they gave up the fruitless search, but not without the most fearful misgivings about her.

In the meanwhile, the object of their humane solicitude, with difficulty, pursued her way, now awed by the flashing lightning and astounding peal, of which it was the dread precursor—now opposed by the wild waving of the trees, that, with all their branches depressed, now seemed as if shrinking from the tempest, now tossing them again on high, as if braving it.

Fearful of intruding abruptly on her father, she had decided, upon consideration, on first announcing herself to Orton, the steward, a person who stood high in his confidence, and on whose ready interference for her she thought she might safely depend.

Just as she reached the building, she saw a man issuing from it, and inquiring of him for the steward, was directed to a door in one of the turrets leading directly to his apartments. To this well-known door she accordingly proceeded, and pushing it open, tapped at an adjoining door, and was desired to come in. She obeyed, and found Orton seated by



a fire well calculated to render him regardless of the tempest that raged without, and busied in looking over some papers that lay scattered on a table.

The immediate uplifting of her veil rendered it unnecessary for her to announce herself: but his immediate recognition of her was by no means attended with pleasure to Orton; on the contrary, there was no one whom he would not rather have seen there than her, for her confidence in him was utterly misplaced. Artful, selfish, and designing, he was incapable of being actuated by any thing but his own interest; and to this he conceived the reconciliation of lord Ambresbury with his daughter would be very injurious. What had been might be; and from the moment of lady Ambresbury's elopement, he had meditated throwing a handsome niece of his own in his lordship's way. As yet he had had no opportunity for this, owing to the state of mind into which her conduct had thrown him, and

the reflections it had forced upon him ; but he did not despair of yet obtaining it.

Indulging this hope, rioting in the idea of yet bearing rule in the lordly mansion of Rookby, he could ill bear the idea of being disappointed in his anticipations. But a short time before, and he would not have feared this through the means of Clara, but latterly he thought he had perceived something like relenting in lord Ambresbury's mind towards her. He had begun to speak of her, to talk of a journey to Richmond ; and, in short, Orton determined, if in his power to prevent it, they should not meet.

As soon as the shock her unexpected appearance gave him was a little recovered from, he proceeded to make inquiries, which convincing him he had nothing to fear from any artifice he practised, he had no hesitation in telling her that he deemed it fortunate she had not appeared abruptly before her father, he was still so exasperated against her ; but that, if she permit-

ted his interference, and in the interim, till the result of it was known, allowed him to secrete her in the house, she might rely on his best exertions to serve her.

Clara, though with a heart sinking within her at the cruel hint he threw out concerning her father, acquiesced in the proposition; and Orton, all alarm, quickly led her to the place he had in view for her concealment.

Rookby Hall was a very ancient edifice: one of the secret outlets belonging to it, such as in former times few buildings of the kind were without, was a rude cave, which, in after days, was converted into a hermitage by one of the owners of the place; but, though much altered since then, it still wore the appearance of one, and was kept in good preservation, as a *memento* of former times; the apartments into which it was divided consisted of a chapel, a cell for repose, and another for refecton, and were all so artfully constructed, that their communication with each other was difficult to be ascertained.

The stony ascent to it without, narrowed by thickets of briars and blackthorn, had more the appearance of being a channel for a little rill that trickled along it than any regularly-formed path; a romantic dell opened beyond, where a chiding stream played in wild eddies amongst the sinewy roots of the old trees, and the fragments of rock with which it was strewn, and where, as the ivy-clad cliffs, richly coloured with a variety of other dark and creeping substances, alternately receded and advanced, all those contrasted beauties of light and shade—those tender shadows that give such pleasure to the eye and exercise to the imagination, were produced. Hither having conducted Clara, he left her to meditate what farther he should do to prevent what he dreaded.

A night of horror was the consequence of being left by herself. At length, unable to endure a longer continuance of the suspense she was writhing under, she suddenly started up, with a determination of ascertaining her fate at once—that,

if destined to disappointment, she might at least expire by her husband ; for expiring she felt herself. But Orton had taken care she should not quit it, and with wild shrieks she called upon him to liberate her : yet was she not impatient in giving way to these agonies ? she suddenly reflected. Orton had promised—solemnly promised, to see her father that night, and let her know the result immediately ; and he would not—he could not, break his promise ; he could not trifle—he could not dally with the feelings of a person situated as she was. Yet still he came not, and despair and distraction seized her soul at the minutes that were thus wasted from her dying husband, and she wished (oh, how fervently !), as in frantic agony she dashed herself upon the ground, that she had not undertaken this unfortunate journey.

From something like a stupor she was suddenly raised, and looking up, she beheld Orton bending over her.—“ What !

still awake?" he cried, as, on seeing him, she started up.

"Providentially, perhaps," said Clara, her eye at the moment glancing on something like an unclasped knife in his hand, and, as she spoke, attempting to pass him to the door; but eagerly pursuing her, he brutally pushed her back, and again locked it on her.

Lord Ambresbury had been abroad that day: returning at night, his horses got so frightened by the storm, that he deemed it advisable to quit the carriage, and pursue the remainder of the way on foot. The nearest entrance to the house was by the one leading to the apartments of Orton; and admitting himself by it, he turned into the adjoining room, and found him standing there, with clenched hands and strong indications of agitation on his looks. On the door opening, he was advancing, with a savage aspect, to thrust out the intruder, when he beheld his lordship.

After regarding him for a minute with

surprise—"Why, what is the matter, man?" demanded his lordship; "you look absolutely terrified."

In extreme confusion, Orton said, or rather stammered out something about the storm; and then, in order to try and divert his lordship's attention from him, proposed lighting him to his own apartment.

"No; I will first warm myself at your fire," said lord Ambresbury, advancing to it as he spoke.

Enraged at his not permitting what he wished, Orton followed, and, under the pretext of making it better, thrust the poker into the grate with a violence that forced the principal part of the contents out upon the hearth.

"Very civil, upon my word!" said his lordship, as he started back. "Well, since you have acted in this manner, be so good as to take the trouble of lighting me hence."

With great celerity Orton proceeded to

obey him, and they were quitting the room when lord Ambresbury, treading upon something, stopt to see what it was, and took up the miniature of an infant boy, that, on examining, suddenly struck him as bearing a resemblance to his much-injured daughter, brought thus suddenly to his mind.—“ Whose,” in extreme emotion, he demanded, “ is this, or how did it come into your possession?”

Orton started and stammered, and, with an execration against himself, for his carelessness in dropping it—for Clara had got it done at Richmond, for the express purpose of bringing it with her, and in hopes it might aid his eloquence, had given it to him—proceeded then to say, it was the picture of a little nephew, his mother, in the vanity of her heart, had sent to him.

Lord Ambresbury could not discredit this assertion, yet, notwithstanding, had he yielded to his feelings, he would have kept the picture, for its cherub smile had touched his heart; but he was not a man to like to have it thought he was capable



of any weakness. Yet he had not forgiven Clara, but he was beginning to feel that desolation attendant on standing alone in life, and, on that account, to wish to recall her.

He retired to repose, but the emotion excited by the incident of the picture was inimical to it, as well as the continued violence of the storm, and rising, he slipped on his nightgown, and repaired to the study. This ancient apartment had much the appearance of a Gothic hall: its roof was composed of lofty arches, resting on oak pillars, richly carved. At its extremity was a low gallery, surmounted by an immense window of painted glass, in a deep recess at one side of which was a secret door, opening on a winding staircase leading to the hermitage.

On gaining this apartment, lord Ambresbury tried to compose his mind by reading. While thus engaged, he heard a noise in the gallery; and turning his head, to his extreme surprise, beheld the

steward emerging from the secret cavity in the recess of the window.

He was hastily stepping forward when he caught a glimpse of lord Ambresbury, and immediately started back, as if intending to retreat; but the voice of his lordship recalled him, and he slowly descended from the gallery.—“Where have you been?” was the interrogation of lord Ambresbury as he approached him.

Regarding him with a truly ghost-like aspect—“I fancied—I imagined,” he stammered out, “that the door of the hermitage might have been left open; and so to ascertain, I went there.”

“An odd fancy, I think,” said lord Ambresbury; “and supposing it had, there was no great chance of any one being in the way to-night to take advantage of the circumstance, I think.”

“Why, perhaps not, my lord; but,” as if scarcely conscious of what he was saying, “but the storm of this night is really enough to wake the dead.”

“Pooh, pooh!” cried his lordship, “this

is not the first storm you have heard in your life ; so retire to your pillow ; but," stooping as he spoke, and taking up a knife, which unconsciously Orton had let fall from his shaking hand, " what have you been doing with this?"

" With that !" and he became of a still more ashy hue—" oh ! I thought if any of the bolts were dislodged, they might want forcing back, perhaps ; and so I took that with me on that account."

Lord Ambresbury thought it was odd his acting in this manner, and that he seemed strangely perturbed ; however, he knew of no grounds for suspicion, and resuming his book, the steward retired from the apartment.

The stormy night was succeeded by a lovely morning, and lord Ambresbury was slowly riding through the park, when he perceived a group of country people earnestly conversing. Stopping to inquire what was the matter, he heard of the strange disappearance of the stranger from the inn the preceding night, and that

they had been collected for the purpose of searching for her. He listened attentively—involuntarily, as he did so, recalled the extraordinary conduct of Orton to his recollection, became disturbed, and hastily turning back, summoned him to his presence the moment he alighted, and without ceremony at once taxed him with knowing something of the female whose disappearance had excited so much alarm in the neighbourhood.—“No evasion—no subterfuge,” he peremptorily exclaimed, on seeing him tremble and change colour; “I have heard enough to make me decide on ascertaining the truth.”

“Well then, my lord,” said Orton, finding evasion useless, “since you must have the truth, your daughter has been here.”

“My daughter! and why,” indignantly, “is it that to chance I am indebted for a knowledge of the circumstance?”

Orton sneered malevolently. Humiliation would not avail, he saw, and therefore he determined to give utterance to

the malice inspired by disappointment. —“The time is not very remote,” he said, “when it would have been unfortunate for any one to have let you know it by any other means.”

“Villain!” half-articulated lord Ambresbury, “you are now beginning to disclose yourself.” Then, seized with sudden alarm about his daughter, he demanded where she was.

“Safe,” Orton coolly replied.

But we shall not dwell longer on the scene between them. Suffice it, that, in revealing where she was, Orton pretended that his conducting her there was merely for the purpose of keeping her visit a secret, till he had considered of the best mode of announcing it. Whether lord Ambresbury believed this was his motive for doing so, or whether Orton really meditated any serious deed of atrocity, it matters not to say.

Clara was found in a state of insensibility. Two days elapsed ere she was brought to herself; but when she was, and

found what a delay had occurred, and thought of the effect which agitation and suspense might have upon her husband, her brain got dizzy again, and she nearly relapsed into the state from which she was just recovered; nor could the assurance of her restoration to her father's favour speak peace or ease to her distracted soul.

At length, through the very energy of despair, she raised herself, and accompanied by her father, set off for Richmond. On stopping at the house where she lodged, there was no one to receive them; but the hall door lay open, and springing from the carriage, she flew up to the chamber of her husband. She softly laid her hand upon the lock, but it resisted her effort; the key was taken out, and her misgiving soul dying within her, she dropt lifeless on the spot. When she recovered, she found herself reclined on a sofa in the sitting-room, with her father, the woman of the house, and some other person standing by her. The moment

she raised her eyes to theirs, she read, in their looks, a confirmation of what she suspected; and bursting from them, she again flew to the chamber of her beloved. She would not be torn from it—she would not be hindered from seeing him again—from again gazing on him—from again clasping him in her fond embrace; but, oh! the agony of gazing on those marble features—of folding him to her heart, without feeling one returning throb in his—of calling upon him without being replied to—of thinking that in this perhaps long lingering life, she should never more hold communion with him—he who was all and every thing to her—friend, father, husband, in one; that another had received his last sigh—the last glance of his closing eyes—the last faint pressure of his feeble hand!

She was taken back to Rookby, but weeks elapsed ere she was conscious of any thing but the irreparable loss she had sustained; but, though in time her grief

seemed to obtain some mitigation, yet, in reality, she every day became more sensible of this ; her father was incapable of imparting any consolation for it ; and even her little Alan, for a time, but augmented her affliction by the recollections he revived.

Her brother, by this time, was reduced to that state in which his father had represented him to be, without the smallest hope of his ever being restored to himself ; so that lord Ambresbury began to look upon her son as his future heir. To this consideration, more than to any other circumstance, was owing the affection he shewed him ; for he was naturally of a cold selfish disposition, and in his heart never forgave the step his daughter had taken, though one to which his own tyranny had driven her. He loved Alan, however, as ardently as he was capable of loving any one ; and not to have loved him indeed would have been next to impossible, so artless, so affectionate, were his manners ; but notwithstanding his par-



tiality for him, he would not have been sorry to have had his daughter give him an heir by a more illustrious father. On the first intimation, however, of his wish for her making a second choice, Clara put a stop to all persecution on the subject, by avowing, in the most sacred and solemn manner, her fixed determination against ever changing her state again. Worlds indeed could not have induced her to give up the dear delight of cherishing the memory of her husband—of holding communion with his spirit, and making his virtues her constant theme.

Next to loving his Heavenly Father, the first lesson she taught her infant son was to love and revere the memory of his earthly one, whom, with inexpressible delight, she saw, in every respect, he promised to resemble. The same sweetness of disposition, the same kindness and benevolence of heart, he early manifested, and, with equal pride and pleasure, she saw him likely to grow up all she wished. As he advanced in years, he became ac-

quainted with the family-history, and frequent were the conversations that ensued between them concerning the brother of Constance, and fervent their wishes, that they had the power of making him amends for what he had been unjustly deprived of, and the unkindness they learned he had continued to experience from fortune ; but on Alan, in the warmth of his benevolence, dropping a hint of this before his grandfather, lord Ambresbury, who detested the whole race, unjustly imputing to them the conduct that had entailed eternal remorse upon his heart, vehemently protested that if, by any chance or accident, he ever discovered that, either directly or indirectly, he or his mother held any kind of correspondence or communication with either Glenmorlie, or any one belonging to him, from that moment he would cast them off, and banish them his presence, though the next he should be compelled to take in a beggar's brat for his heir.

This threat, which they knew him too

well not to know he was capable of carrying into effect, if provoked to it, compelled them to suppress their real feelings, as they were both completely in his power; for though the title and estate of Dunamore must be Mrs. Dundonald's, if she survived her brother, yet, till after his death, which might not happen till long after hers, there was no independence for her or Alan—so they were obliged to be cautious how they acted.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE person for whom so strong an interest had been excited in their minds married the daughter of his patron, and, after a long series of military services, withdrew on half-pay, and with the rank of colonel, from the army, and with his family, consisting of a wife and daughter,

became settled at what he almost considered as his native place, Dunamore.

The aspect of the veteran shewed what the youthful soldier had been ; but the cheerfulness and urbanity that distinguished the early period of his life was injured by a rankling sense of injury, and the mortifying privations to which injustice and ingratitude had doomed him. His wife, like himself, had been illegally deprived of her paternal inheritance : her father was an Irishman, and advantage was taken of his enforced absence from his native country, to make a fraudulent transfer of a handsome estate that was entailed on him there. This, however, unlike the inheritance of Glenmorlie himself, was retrievable ; but, on their applying to some friends, from whom they expected, and had a right to expect assistance for obtaining redress, they were refused ; and thus, whilst legally entitled to two fine properties, found themselves absolutely without an income almost adequate to their wants.

Colonel Glenmorlie, of a lofty temper, often evinced extreme impatience under these circumstances; but his wife bore them with greater equanimity. Naturally of a mild and enduring disposition, religion had rendered her still more so; but not all her resignation to the will of Heaven could prevent her sometimes experiencing acute pangs on account of others.

Their daughter Rosalind, bounding into life with all the buoyancy of youthful spirits, knew nothing—felt nothing of the cares that at times disturbed and distracted the minds of her parents. The world was just opening to her view, and every thing appeared delightful to her; while all that was requisite to have her elevated to that rank she wished for in it was, she felt convinced, from a sanguine imagination and a high confidence in herself, to be seen.

For this rank none could be more aspiringly ambitious; a life of retirement was her utter detestation. It might do very well for the plain and the uninform-

ed, and the untalented ; but for a person conscious of high pretensions, the idea of it was intolerable. Yes, a person of the former description might be very well satisfied to pass their days like Mrs. Primrose in making gooseberry-wine, turning the green sward like her daughters, and playing Pope Joan with their neighbours ; but for a person of the latter, how insufferable to be doomed to such a life ! and she was all impatience for an establishment that should relieve her from an apprehension of the kind : but to obtain this, it was necessary she should enter other circles than those she at present occasionally mixed in ; for, as yet, she had been introduced to none more brilliant than those of the neighbouring town of Waterton, and in which there was very little hope of her ever meeting any one she would condescend to look upon with an idea of accepting. Still, however, it was gratifying to her to frequent them, both from the admiration she excited, and for the sake of a little change of scene ; but for

this occasional gratification she was indebted, not to her parents, but the kindness of their next neighbour, lady Dundrum. They neither liked the society at Waterton, nor could think of trying to vie with it; and without an attempt of the kind, there was no chance of any proper attention or respect there; and though the notice of people they certainly considered inferior to themselves, with regard to family, could be of little consequence in the estimation of colonel and Mrs. Glenmorlie, they did not like the idea of encountering their slights.

Lady Dundrum was the widow of a citizen of this place, who, in going up with an address to the lord-lieutenant, had been knighted. She was a lady who would have been perfectly satisfied never to have seen any thing green but a card-cloth; but the good knight, not dying quite as rich as was expected, she was compelled to give up the dear delight of living all the year round where she would have had the constant enjoyment of cards

and gossiping, for a small residence at Dunamore, whence, however, she always contrived to manage matters so as to be able to repair, for the greater part of every winter, to Waterton. Having taken a fancy to Rosalind, and conceiving the chaperoning of a girl of her well-known connexions and air of fashion, and lofty pretensions, would add to her importance, she always took her with her.

Rosalind was quite as much admired and followed as either of them expected, and was the means of drawing not a few of the fashionable beaux of the place to Dunamore during the season, where there was a hotel open and balls every fortnight, at which lady Dundrum was still her chaperon; for her mother's depressed spirits made her dislike scenes of the kind, and wish to confine herself to the society alone of the few families who resided at the place, unlike lady Dundrum, who made it a point of visiting every one who came there, the moment she knew who they were.



But lady Dundrum was not the acquaintance whom colonel and Mrs. Glenmorlie most regarded, nor even Rosalind. The superior claims of the Woodburne family to esteem and affection were both felt and acknowledged. Mrs. Woodburne was the confidential attendant already mentioned of the colonel's mother : her parents were respectable tradespeople, who, after giving her an excellent education, fell, through unexpected mischances, into deep distress, and shortly after died. Immediately upon their decease, she decided on going over to Mrs. Glenmorlie, from whose knowledge of her and her connexions she felt convinced a dependent situation would be more tolerable with her than with any other person : nor was she mistaken ; Mrs. Glenmorlie considered her coming to her almost as a blessing, and uniformly treated her more as an elder daughter than a servant.

Compelled by the cruel conduct of lord Ambresbury to return to Ireland, she was seeking for a situation there when her

condition became suddenly reversed by the unexpected return of Mr. Woodburne from Newfoundland, to whom she had early been engaged, and their marrying immediately after.

He was some years older than herself, had always loved and admired her, and was on the very point of asking her hand, when, like her parents, experiencing a sudden reverse of circumstances, he was compelled to give up this intention for the present, and go out to Newfoundland, to an uncle, who had long been inviting him there. After a residence of some years with him, he died; and possessed by his death of a handsome independence, he immediately returned to Ireland, to complete his engagement to his dear Esther. He was a man of excellent endowments: naturally of a studious turn, he had, in consequence, highly improved and cultivated his mind. Few indeed could boast of a stronger or better-informed one, knew the world better, or were keener in their observations; but a temper some-

what stern, and a sarcastic manner, rendered him, in general, more feared than liked; yet he had a heart of real feeling; but he had no patience with the follies and vices of mankind.

From the advantages she derived from her union with him, as well as from her natural manner, no one would ever have supposed that Mrs. Woodburne had ever moved in a subordinate station; but that she had, or rather that she and her husband had been connected with tradespeople, was a fact too well known at Waterton to allow of their being admitted into the first circles there, despite of all their virtues, their excellencies, and even handsome independence. This, however, gave Mr. Woodburne very little concern. He quite as much despised those who had excluded him from them, for their frivolity, their adulation of wealth, however acquired or debased, and their aiming at what they never could be, as they despised him for his birth and original situation in life; and quietly withdrawing

from them, fixed himself at Dunamore, where, in embellishing the beautiful cottage he built there, cultivating the intimacy of a few select friends, and pursuing his favourite studies, he never found time to regret his not being entitled to the privilege of the *entrée* into the fashionable circles of Waterton.

But his chief delight was derived from cultivating the mind of his daughter. He educated her on his own plan, and had no reason to regret the circumstance. She grew up all he wished, and he was not very easily to be pleased. Mild and well-informed, without any lack of firmness, where firmness was requisite, he allowed of no gaddings, no visitings from home, no waste of time on accomplishments she had no taste for. It filled him with disgust to hear parents boast of having compelled their daughters to sit six or seven hours of a day at a piano, trying to acquire what they had no genius for, and which, when no longer required as an embellishment, they would

discard. Anna had no taste for music, and having ascertained this, her father ceased to torment either her or himself about it, making her devote the time she would have thrown away upon it to what she had in reality a turn for—drawing and reading.

Rosalind was beautiful, even faultlessly beautiful, but Anna had no pretensions to be considered so. To describe her, and you would not have supposed her to be particularly attractive ; but to look at her, you would feel her to be so. Yet she had neither brilliancy of complexion, nor any striking symmetry of features or person ; but there was a sweetness—a softness, amounting indeed at times to languor, in her looks, and an unstudied elegance in all her movements, that were very resistless. For the languor just spoken of there was a reason assigned : it was whispered that she had met with a disappointment, nor was the whisper an incorrect one. In a visit with her parents to another part of the kingdom, she met colo-

nel Montmorency : her appearance and manner struck him ; he got introduced, became a daily visitor at the house where she was, and finally proposed for her, and was accepted as a match far exceeding any expectations her parents could rationally have entertained for her, being both of noble birth and fortune.

Matters were arranging for their marriage, when at a party, one evening, the colonel encountered an officer of distinguished rank, belonging to a regiment just arrived at the place. Both seemed agitated by the encounter, and the emotion they betrayed, exciting the curiosity of Mr. Woodburne, occasioned inquiries, the result of which was his ascertaining, that, a few years back colonel Montmorency had been the unfortunate cause of estranging a married relative of the other from her family. The moment he learned this, he decided, that, with his consent, his daughter never should become his wife ; no rank, no fortune, no worldly advantages, in his opinion, being an equi-

valent for the want of religious and moral principles—the risk a woman must run, with regard to her own eternal and temporal happiness, who marries a dissipated man, or one who, if he does not rush into temptation, is at least incapable of resisting it when it offers. His decision was made known, but he left his daughter to her own; he did not command, but he represented and appealed, and finally succeeded by doing so: she had early been taught to let her reason, not her feelings, govern her; and when she found herself sinking under any arduous conflict, to look up for strength and support whence alone it could be truly imparted. The lesson was not now forgotten, and the result was a triumph of the proudest nature to the heart of her father.

But the lover did not so readily yield submission to his will; he pleaded, he implored, he urged a thousand extenuating circumstances in excuse for his error, and, in agony, besought Mr. Woodburne to

have mercy, nor deprive him of the only woman he had ever really loved. But all would not do: yet it required the greatest effort of resolution on the part of Mr. Woodburne to maintain his inflexibility, moved as he was by the distress he saw he had occasioned, and doing ample justice, as he did, to the generous feelings of Montmorency's heart; but believing himself right, nothing could shake his resolution.

For a time perhaps his daughter, despite of herself, thought he had been a little too rigid; but still struggling with her feelings, she gradually became convinced of the propriety of his determination, and, for every pang it had cost her, became at length fully compensated, by not merely the heightened affection, but even reverence, with which her father regarded her for the victory she had obtained over herself.

Yet a feeling of regret would now and then be experienced, stealing the faint colour from her cheek, and giving a sickly



languor to her air; fancy would stray after Montmorency, for he was all that was captivating and interesting to the heart of woman—handsome, gallant, brave, accomplished, and incapable of a premeditatedly-dishonourable action; and she would involuntarily sigh at what he had endured, and still might be enduring, for her.

Few however gave her credit for what had occurred; those who actually knew of an engagement between her and Montmorency, choosing to believe that it was not her fault, but his, that it had been broken off; and of this opinion was lady Dundrum.—“It was quite ridiculous,” she declared, “to think any thing else—to imagine that either father or daughter would have been silly enough to lose such a match, merely because the lover was not quite a sir Charles Grandison; the fact was, he had never been serious, and the report of his being so entirely originated in their wishes.”

Anna left every one to their conjectures

—neither feeling nor generosity would permit her to disclose the truth; not even to Rosalind, whom she considered in the light of a sister, did she reveal it; her wounded heart indeed rendering her incapable of touching on the subject, even if her delicacy had been less.

Rosalind returned her affection very sincerely; but still, notwithstanding her esteem and regard for her, there were moments when there was an awkwardness in her feelings about her; lady Dundrum had imbued her with the prejudices of the people of Waterton, and a dread of losing her cast there, should she be known to be the intimate of Anna, made her often shy and strange towards her. Yet never was she so, that she did not immediately afterwards reproach herself for ingratitude and littleness of mind, in slighting so superior a creature, for the sake of those frivolous, empty-hearted, empty-headed beings that composed the parties there: still she could not rise superior to their narrow prejudices; and while all delight in the com-

pany of Anna at Dunamore, was all dismay and apprehension on seeing her at Waterton : and this she was always sure of doing there, for poor Mrs. Woodburne, who was one of the sincerest of human beings herself, and, of course, took every one according to their seeming, always made it a point of putting off whatever business she had there till lady Dundrum's visit to it, it was so pleasant to have a friend to go to there immediately ; and then when there, she was often in the habit of proposing that Anna, whom she wished to be introduced more generally into society, should accompany them in some of their visits, or to the play, or an assembly ; and these propositions put lady Dundrum to the necessity of a thousand evasions and subterfuges, for she by no means wished to give offence, where there was such ample power of giving good entertainments, and rendering a variety of little kindnesses.

Whether Anna saw through these evasions, or suspected their motive, she kept

to herself. Not so her father, however; he saw through one, and surmised the other; and though he would not degrade himself by speaking to lady Dundrum on the subject, he could not forbear giving utterance to the contempt with which she had, in consequence, inspired him, neither to the indignation he felt towards Rosalind. But Mrs. Woodburne would not be persuaded to believe any thing to the prejudice of the latter; and her husband ceased to try and induce her, from the pain he saw it occasioned her. Her affection for both Rosalind and her parents, indeed, was of a description that would not permit her to hearken to any thing to their prejudice—for the former, in particular, from her strong likeness to the little daughter of the lamented Constance, whom she had loved with the most passionate fondness, and meant, had it lived, to have reared as her own child, till her uncle claimed her. Glenmorlie and his wife, however, on every occasion, manifested the high estimation in which they held Woodburne and his

family; they were never so happy in any society, and the most cordial intimacy subsisted between them.

The fondness of Mrs. Woodburne for Rosalind was often manifested in presents, that had a startling effect on her father from their magnitude; they seemed above her means of making; but whenever he remonstrated with her on the subject, and her arguments and assertions failed of satisfying him, those of her husband were called to her aid; and as the colonel knew him to be a man of prudence, and not a person by any means to be ever hurried away by any flighty or romantic notions, he always felt easy when he had vindicated her from the imputation of indiscretion. Still he did not like to see that, both in number and value, their gifts to her exceeded those to their daughter. Anna had no taste for music—she did not therefore require a harp; and one of the most costly description had been presented by them to Rosalind; but she certainly had a right to expect that the orna-

ments they gave her should equal in number and magnificence those they bestowed on her friend, which never was the case.

The season for Dunamore was commencing, and some early visitors to it arrived; they were known to the Woodburnes, and a party, soon after their arrival, was made to view Dunamore Abbey. Rosalind, as a thing of course, was included in it; but her parents declined it—her father could not endure the galling sensations excited by the view of a place of which he had been so unjustly deprived, and her mother would not leave him; but Rosalind was delighted at the idea of rambling over it, her knowledge of it having as yet been confined to the exterior.

The party set out at an early hour, taking a cold dinner with them. The morning was lovely, and every countenance wore a smile of hilarity; but there is something inspiring in a rural party, a bustle and deviation from the usual routine of regular life, that is an agreeable excitement to the spirits.

Dunamore Abbey, of date so ancient as to be uncertain, stood in one of those deep, dark, secluded glens, for which Ireland is so remarkable, where all is wild and romantic, solemn and obscure, alternately calculated to inspire awe, and fill with melancholy. The trees which diversified the prospect were chiefly seen climbing the steep mountains, to form long cathedral walks on their summits, or starting from the rocky banks, save where a beautiful grove in the centre, surrounding the building, gave it still an air of monastic seclusion; through this the grand arch of entrance was seen, while the spiry pinnacles of the pile rose in majestic grandeur above the trees, the straight boles of which, together with the verdure of the ground under their deep shadow (perceived at a great depth in the grove, in consequence of their distance from each other), produced an uncommon and solemn scene; the very sunbeams that chequered the ground seemed slumbering on it, whilst

the deer that herded under the trees suffered no disturbance from the sight of strangers.

A beautiful stream held a murmuring course through the glen till it approached the abbey, when it began to assume a different character; and after being lost to the eye for some time behind some shrubby banks, forming, by their breaks and foliage, a rich foreground, again burst both upon the eye and ear, in a fall of some magnitude over craggy rocks, overgrown with fern and brushwood. Here, looking back, the abbey was seen rearing its stately pinnacles above a noble screen of wood, while, at the opposite side of the stream, a picturesque cottage met the view, designed for the accommodation of chance visitors to the place. From the bright green knoll on which it stood, zigzag steps, cut in the rock, wound through the flowering plantations, to an ancient shrine at the edge of the stream, and almost within reach of the spray of the fall; hence a number of romantic walks diverged in



various directions, commanding fine views of the sea and adjacent country.

The housekeeper was in waiting to shew them the interior, which was what Rosalind wanted to see; and she flew from room to room, admiring every thing she saw, and describing what alterations she would have made if it were hers. At length they entered an apartment of so magnificent a description, that she lingered here for some time after all the rest of the party but the Woodburnes had left it. — “ Well,” she suddenly exclaimed, “ this is certainly a very delightful place, and I think I should have become it very well. To console me for its deprivation, its destined lord, in common honour and justice, should positively come over, fall in love with me, marry me, and thus make amends for the past.”

“ And he will,” said an unknown voice, close to her.

Rosalind started, and looked wildly about her — “ Who was that?” she demanded.

“Who?” repeated Mr. Woodburne;  
 “who do you mean?”

“Why, the person who spoke this instant.”

“The person!” again repeated Mr. Woodburne; “why there is no one here but ourselves.”

“Yet, positively, I heard another voice;” and she again looked round her.

“Oh, you imagined so!” said Mr. Woodburne; “but this is quite a place for romantic fancies.”

“Why, you would not attempt to persuade me out of my senses, I hope, sir?” said Rosalind, a little petulantly.

“Me! no—I should be sorry to try and persuade you out of any thing that is useful; but you see there is no one, as I have already said, here but ourselves.”

“True so, I perceive, in this apartment—but here;” and she pushed open a small arched door at the side of the fireplace, which she had not before noticed, and passed into another apartment; but there was no one in it, and she really began to

feel surprised; yet that her ear had not deceived her she felt convinced, for she had actually felt the breath of the person who spoke upon her cheek.

Mr. Woodburne laughed at her air of consternation, and his wife joined in his mirth; and the former was rallying her on the subject, when they were called to join the rest of the party.

Dwelling, however, on the recent incident, while her companions were hurrying from one state apartment to another, Rosalind kept looking into every place they passed, and making her way through innumerable galleries and passages by herself. In traversing one, she suddenly thought she heard Mr. Woodburne conversing with some one; and instantly bursting into the apartment whence she heard his voice, found him in deep conversation with a stranger of most prepossessing appearance—young, majestically tall, finely formed, and with a countenance of the most captivating expression. Either the suddenness with which she bolted in up-

on them, or some other cause, made them both start at her appearance ; but Mr. Woodburne almost instantly recovering himself—" Yes," he said, but as if he had not noticed her, and was only finishing what he had been saying, " you are quite correct, perfectly so, in your observations, sir ; there is a great deal to admire and applaud, and——"

But Rosalind felt convinced, from his manner, that he was speaking at random, for the purpose of misleading her as to what he had actually been conversing about, and this persuasion made her look inquiringly from one to the other ; while, as unconsciously, she kept advancing into the room, the stranger kept retreating, till he had vanished from it.—" Who is that ?" in an eager tone, Rosalind demanded, the moment she found he was gone.

" Don't you perceive he is a stranger ?" said Mr. Woodburne, evasively.

" Yes, I perceive he is a stranger to me, but is he so to you ?"

"Did you ever see him with me before?" asked Mr. Woodburne.

"No, but still you may know him, and do you know I think you do—now do tell his name."

"I *cannot*," said Mr. Woodburne; "but come here—I want to shew you this picture," pointing to the full-length portrait of a female, opposite to which he was standing—"Do you know we were saying—that is, I mean—" and he spoke in confusion—"I was thinking you had a resemblance to it."

"Oh! I have seen it already," replied Rosalind, carelessly, "for we were in this apartment before;" but suddenly stopping to contemplate again the portrait of a young warrior that was hanging beside it—"Do you know I think there is a great likeness between this picture and the stranger you have just been speaking with, and, like this sir Armascis, as I understand he was called, I think he would very well become the plume and casque."

"Yes, I believe he might look well e-

nough as a knight in a lady's bower; but where are your companions?"

"Oh, Lord! I don't know—gazing and gaping about them, and keeping close at the heels of the housekeeper, I suppose, lest they should lose any of her scientific observations; but, for my part, whenever I come to see a place of the kind, I always make my escape, to have the pleasure of exploring it by myself, for to me there is nothing more monstrously stupid than being led mechanically through it."

"Stupid enough," said Mr. Woodburne; "but come, suppose we rejoin the party, they may else get uneasy, lest we should have got ourselves involved in some of the inextricable passages of the place, or stumbled into some secret chamber."

Rosalind laughed, and followed him; and as they proceeded again, kept looking into every little cell or chamber they passed, but without seeing any one. At length they reached the apartment where their companions were.

The curiosity of Rosalind was power-

fully excited, and she took an opportunity of slyly asking the housekeeper what other parties were viewing the place that day?

“None,” she replied.

“Oh! I thought there had; we met a stranger in another of the apartments, and that made me think so; can you tell me who he is?” with affected carelessness she asked.

“Tell who he is?” repeated the housekeeper, in a vague tone, and staring at her—“I—I—” But a violent fit of coughing here interrupted her speech; and ere she had recovered from it, Mr. Woodburne, with Anna, had joined Rosalind, to direct her attention to some of the ornaments of the apartment, which they shortly after left to range about the grounds.

Their dinner was laid out in the cottage already mentioned, to which the rocks at the fall formed a rude bridge; and altogether they passed what they considered a very delightful day.

CHAPTER VII.  
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“Who is it that they have got sick and concealed at Mr. Woodburne’s?” asked lady Dundrum, a few days after, of Rosalind, as they were sauntering down to the strand together.

“Sick and concealed!” repeated Rosalind, in a tone of astonishment: “what has put that in your head, my dear madam?”

“Oh! it certainly is the case,” resumed lady Dundrum. “A chaise-and-four stopped there the other night at a very late hour, and a gentleman was seen alighting from it, who has never since been seen; but the very next day an express was sent to Waterton for doctor Woolmers.”

Rosalind mused. Doctor Woolmers had certainly been down at the time mentioned, and she had wondered who it was

he had come to see; and she now recollected she had recently seen scarce any thing of the Woodburnes, and that their excuses for not coming out, or asking her to stop when she called, had appeared rather vague and confused; yet still it appeared so improbable that this should be owing to the cause assigned by lady Dundrum, that she could not believe it.

She could not help dwelling, however, on what she had heard, and involuntarily, on parting from lady Dundrum, her feet took the direction of Mr. Woodburne's; and entering the parlour abruptly, she found Anna and her mother there. They were both quietly seated at work, and appeared very glad to see her; and after looking about her for some time, and listening without either seeing or hearing any thing unusual, she became confirmed in her belief of what she had heard from lady Dundrum being quite an idle tale, and began to wonder at herself, for having allowed it to make any impression on her.

The conversation involuntarily reverted to the day they had passed at the abbey. A great many anecdotes connected with it followed. Rosalind spoke of the family-history, and commented with bitterness on the wrongs her father had sustained.—“And to think,” she said, “that the family in England should not have the feeling or generosity to try and make some amends for these.” There is Mrs. Dundonald and her son: if they were what some people have pretended to represent them, they never could have acted in such a manner; he at least, his own master, in the army, could well have contrived, if so inclined, to have shewed us some attention; but they are an abominable set altogether, and I am sure I do not wonder at my father hating and execrating their names; for my part, all I hope is, that I may never see any of them, for my prejudice is so great against them, that I am sure I never could look upon them with an eye of goodwill.”

A deep sigh was heard; she started.—

“ Who is that ?” she demanded ; and without waiting for a reply, she started from her chair, and attempted to enter the adjoining room, which was Mr. Woodburne’s study ; but as she pushed against the door, which was a little ajar, it was gently closed against her.

She turned inquiringly to her companions.—“ The wind has shut the door,” said Mrs. Woodburne, but without exactly looking at her, while Anna kept her eyes firmly fixed upon a little drawing she was finishing.

Wondering, and musing, and reverting to what lady Dundrum had told her, Rosalind reseated herself ; but in the course of a few minutes again starting up, she ran into the garden, saying she wanted to look at Anna’s geraniums. She kept close to the study-windows, but the blinds of all were down, except one—that was a little raised ; but on her approaching it, with an intention of looking into the apartment, it was gently dropped, and a

doubt could no longer be entertained of there being some one within.

That it could be of no consequence to her to know who it was, she felt persuaded. This persuasion, however, could not prevent her earnestly wishing to ascertain, so powerful is the spirit of curiosity in almost every breast; and accordingly, on Anna's joining her, which she almost immediately did, she was tempted to ask her; but when she reflected how very unlikely it was that Anna would betray anything her parents wished to keep secret, and the impropriety, not to say impertinence, of any one's attempting to pry into what others chose to keep secret, she checked herself, though not without difficulty, and finally decided on saying nothing on the subject.

A day or two after this, Mr. Woodburne left home for some time, but without its being mentioned whither he was gone; and during his absence tidings were received of the death of the long-suffering

lord Dunamore and his father, with an intimation of his sister being in so languishing a state, that it was not expected she would long survive her accession to the titles and estates of her family.

About this time the scene promised to be changed with Rosalind. The earl and countess of Monteagle, coming over in their beautiful yacht, to pay a visit to their seat in the southern part of the kingdom, got embayed, through a sudden change of weather, in the dangerous bay of Dunamore, and were with difficulty extricated from the vessel, ere it got dashed upon the rocks. Colonel Glenmorlie was active in his exertions on the occasion; and his house being nearest the spot where they landed, the fainting countess was conveyed to it.

On recovering a little from her terror, they would have removed to the hotel; but aware that she would not be so well attended to there as with them, the colonel and Mrs. Glenmorlie invited them to remain with them with so much cordial-

ity, that the invitation was gratefully accepted; and in the week that ensued, so great a degree of intimacy took place between the earl and the colonel, that in their rides and rambles about the place, much of the family-history of the latter was imparted to his lordship.

Lord Monteagle was, in a great degree, a being of impulse—lively in his feelings, and prompt in his services. The communications of Glenmorlie deeply interested him; and yielding to the feelings they inspired, he swore he should be righted.—“The scoundrel!” he exclaimed, alluding to the person who kept fraudulent possession of the property of Mrs. Glenmorlie; “how I enjoy the idea of his being at length ousted! would that we had met before! but, thank God! it is not yet too late for the purpose of enabling you to obtain justice;” and he pressed his services upon the colonel with so much warmth, so much feeling, that the other could not bring himself to refuse them.

The amiable countess, participating in

the feelings of her lord, truly rejoiced at his conduct on this occasion; and highly interested by the family, and charmed with Rosalind, determined on not letting her wait for the perhaps-slow decision of the law, to be introduced into the circles she would adorn, and accordingly gave her an invitation to accompany her at once to Monteagle Castle.

We need scarcely say it was joyfully accepted; Rosalind was almost wild with delight at it, and various were the feelings which its announcement excited in other bosoms; all however were unanimous in thinking that she would never return home unmarried.

But with all her affection for her—all the delight she took in any thing that promised to be of advantage to her, Mrs. Woodburne was all dismay and apprehension when she heard of it.—“And oh that they had never come—had never been driven here!” was her exclamation, in a tone of even agony, on hearing of it. “To

think that after all was so well planned, so well arranged, there should be a chance of disappointment, for I know you will be getting lovers," she cried, addressing herself to Rosalind, "and getting married; and then there is an end of all our delightful hopes and expectations."

"What hopes or expectations?" demanded Rosalind. "You did not hope or expect," laughing, "to get me married to your little dumpy favourite, Mr. Griffin."

"No matter, or at least it seems no matter to me now, what favourite I expected to get you married to," cried Mrs. Woodburne, dejectedly; "but perhaps, after all, you wont go; and do, my darling," throwing her arms round her neck, and fondly kissing her—"do, my darling, give up this invitation; and take my word for it, you wont regret it."

"But I shall not be very long away," said Rosalind.

"Oh! long enough—long enough, I fear, to occasion greater disappointment than you are aware of, except you would

promise not to accept—not to think of any one till you come back.”

“ Well, I will promise—positively promise,” said Rosalind, laughing, “ not to accept or think of any one I don’t like.”

“ Well, well, it can’t be helped,” said Mrs. Woodburne, sorrowfully shaking her head ; “ all I can say is what I said before, that I wish the earl and countess had not been driven hither.”

“ Now that is the first ill-natured thing I ever heard you say, my own dear second mamma !” said Rosalind ; “ knowing, as you do, how often I have been wishing to see something besides the stupid humdrums of Waterton.”

She could not help being diverted by Mrs. Woodburne’s apprehensions about her leaving Dunamore. The only way in which she could account for her anxiety to keep her there was by a wish she had long imagined she and Mr. Woodburne entertained to have her married to a relation of their own, whom they were often in

the habit of talking to her about, and from whom they were, about this time, expecting a visit; whether she went or staid, however, could be of little consequence with regard to him, as a man who had made his money in trade, as he had done, it was out of the question she could ever think of accepting; and to avoid an introduction to him was an additional motive for the pleasure she derived from the countess's invitation.

At length the party left Dunamore, and in due time arrived at the magnificent Castle of Monteagle, where they were received by the countess's mother, Mrs. Trelawney, who had preceded them from England, a very stiff, stately, imperious lady, quite as fond of cards as lady Dundrum, and, if possible, still more so of interfering about others. Though all joy and flutter at the idea of accompanying the countess, yet when Rosalind actually found herself on the point of quitting home, her spirits sunk; scarcely, however, had she entered Monteagle Castle, ere de-

jection gave way to the intoxicating effect produced upon her senses by the splendour and magnificence that here met her view; she began to feel as if till now she had never been in her proper element—to look back with distaste and aversion on all she had been accustomed to, and feel that if compelled to pass her life amidst such scenes, she must be miserable.

The countess, by her fond caresses and extravagant admiration, innocently contributed to heighten her vanity and ambition. Not satisfied with leaving it to chance to have her noticed and admired, she was continually extolling her to her guests, and pointing her out as something superlatively lovely, and lovely she certainly was—

“ Her form was fresher than the morning rose
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow;
 While—————
 —————a native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs.”

But while the countess, by her partiality, occasioned her to be flattered by some, she

drew upon her not a little ill-will and envy from others. Mrs. Trelawney was amongst those; she had a kind of antipathy to beauty and excellence in any one she was not immediately connected with, and soon, accordingly, began to look with a scowling brow upon Rosalind, and express her disapprobation at her having been brought to the castle.—“Very imprudent, I must tell you, I think it was, lady Monteagle,” she said, “very imprudent, indeed, to bring that girl here! It is very ridiculous for people to trifle with their domestic tranquillity, by putting temptation in the way of any one. Men are frail creatures, and there is no knowing what may happen from the circumstance.”

“Nay, my dear mother,” said the countess, laughing, “you shall not make me jealous of Monteagle.”

“Jealous! really, lady Monteagle, you speak strangely—God forbid I had an idea of the kind! I should be the basest of women if I could insinuate any thing to

his prejudice" (and here she spoke but the truth); "but your son, lady Monteagle—your son—what will you say, should he take a fancy to your *protégée*?"

"Oh dear! I have no fear of that; he must admire her, as every one must that has an eye for beauty; but he knows our expectations too well for him to think of disappointing them."

"Yes, and so did your lord the expectations of his father, and yet he disappointed them," Mrs. Trelawney was on the point of adding, but timely checked herself. This indeed had been the case—the earl's marriage with her daughter had been quite against the consent of his family, particular circumstances rendering it a very undesirable connexion in their eyes, though they did ample justice to her merits.

Highly disagreeable when she chose to be so, Rosalind was more than once so offended by the rude repulsive manners of Mrs. Trelawney as to be on the point of taking her departure, but still checked

herself from yielding to the impulse of indignation, by reflecting on what she should lose by the circumstance. In the first place, the earl and countess, whose immediate guest she was, were all that was kind and attentive; and in the next, their son, lord Orielson, was shortly expected to join them at the castle from abroad; and vague ideas had begun to occupy her mind concerning him, such as induced her to wish to prolong her stay at the castle, and finally to decide on not minding Mrs. Trelawney, or letting her drive her from it.

But Mrs. Trelawney was not the only person whom her being an inmate in it provoked and displeased—a neighbouring family, of the name of Liscarrol, nearly related to lord Monteagle, were equally exasperated at the circumstance. Mrs. Liscarrol had long made up her mind, that nothing was wanting but an introduction to lady Monteagle, to have her take her daughters under her immediate protection, and introduce them into the brilliant circles of London; and she still persevered

in thinking this would have been the case, but for Rosalind, and accordingly could not bring herself to look with calmness on her, from the idea of her usurping the place they should have occupied. Her daughters participating in her angry and jealous feelings, Rosalind had therefore but very little pleasure in their society; they conducted themselves so artfully, however, that while in reality they were all spite and malice towards her, the countess had not the slightest suspicion of their real sentiments, more especially as Rosalind herself disdained speaking of the various slights she met with from them.

She had been some weeks at the castle, during which she received an account of the death of lady Dunamore; when accompanying the family from it to a dinner-party one day at Mr. Liscarrol's, she heard the Miss Liscarrols speaking in raptures of a major Ancram, to whom they had been introduced the preceding day, at a house where they were visiting.—“With-

out exception, I think him the handsomest creature I ever beheld," said Miss Liscarrol.

"And so elegant!" exclaimed Miss Penelope, her sister.

"And so accomplished!" cried Miss Annise, her other sister.

"And was so anxious for an introduction to us," said Miss Liscarrol.

"I quite long to have a glimpse of him," cried one of the confidential friends to whom these observations were made, to the utter neglect of Rosalind, who was allowed to occupy a solitary seat in one of the windows.

"And so do I"—"And so do I," cried another, and another.

"And well, I rather believe you will have an opportunity of gratifying your curiosity to-day," said Miss Liscarrol; "for his friend, Mr. Glenmire, promised mamma positively, that if they could possibly excuse themselves from a party to which they were engaged, he and major Ancram would be here to dinner."

“Major Ancram!” repeated lord Mont-eagle, overhearing them; “that is the name of a brave young fellow, who has very much distinguished himself in some of the recent campaigns on the Continent.”

“Yes, the same we are speaking of,” said Miss Liscarrol; “and I assure you,” in an affected tone, “he looks the hero he is,” and she was about launching again into extravagant encomiums when he and his friend were announced.

But little interested by what she had been listening to, Rosalind scarcely gave herself the trouble of turning her head; but when she did, what was her surprise, perhaps her emotion, at recognising in the handsome soldier the elegant stranger whom she had encountered in the abbey, and whose idea had often since recurred to her imagination! She felt herself colour, and could not avoid looking earnestly at him, to see whether he would recollect her: she was not long in suspense about this—having paid his compliments to the

ladies of the house, he disengaged himself from Mr. Liscarrol, who began speaking to him, and approaching her — “ I know not,” he said, “ whether Miss Glenmorlie will allow me the honour of claiming acquaintance with her, unIntroduced as I was when I had the pleasure of meeting her; but still I cannot refrain from addressing her, as if she would.”

Rosalind bowed and smiled, and, to the utter dismay of the Liscarrols, as well as mortification of their set, he took a seat beside her.

His voice was in unison with his appearance, and that Rosalind thought even still more interesting than she had done at first; but that might have been owing to his dress: he was in the deepest mourning, and an air of pensiveness, amounting almost to sadness, hung upon his brow, that seemed to intimate it was not the mockery of wo he bore about him. The day on which they had met was reverted to; but nothing escaped him like any acknowledgment of being acquainted with

Mr. Woodburne ; and at length Rosalind made up her mind to his being a total stranger to the place, contrary to what, though she knew not why, she had often previously imagined.

She never had felt more pleased—more flattered, than by the pleasure he evinced at seeing her, indicating, as it did, that she had not been unnoticed by him on their first meeting. It afforded her too a kind of triumph she could not help enjoying, over those who had taken such pains to slight and mortify her ; and altogether elated by the circumstance, she had never felt more inclined to render herself agreeable. He sat by her at dinner ; and as exclusively as politeness to others would allow, his attentions were devoted to her.

The Miss Liscarrols could scarcely refrain from downright rudeness, on returning to the drawing-room ; but Rosalind, now aware in what this originated, no longer regarded it : she soon saw they would have recourse to every manœuvre

to try and prevent his singling her out again.

With the rest of the young people they adjourned to the music-room, in order, she was convinced, to intercept him on his coming up from dinner, in his way to the inner drawing-room; but the stratagem failed: on perceiving she was not in the music-room, he quickly disengaged himself from the party there, and joining her in the next, again entered into conversation with her; but this was not long allowed to continue uninterrupted; Miss Liscarrol watched his movements, and as she seated herself at the piano, suddenly asked him whether he was not fond of music.

Politeness would not permit him to decline this indirect invitation to attend to her, but he hesitated to obey it till he saw whether Rosalind would accompany him.

When Miss Liscarrol saw them entering the room together, she flounced round on her chair; and venting her vexation on the unfortunate piano, by giving it what might be termed a thump, dashed

at once into a bravura, which, from the discordant nature of her feelings at the moment, had any thing but harmony to recommend it.

Her sisters and several others of the party succeeded her at the instrument, but Rosalind was not once asked to take a seat at it.

Major Ancram looked his surprise at the circumstance, and when at length he found them entirely quitting it, for the purpose of commencing dancing, could not refrain himself from asking her.

“ Oh, some other time !” she replied, carelessly ; “ but now to oblige you—now would only be to delay an amusement that is more agreeable.”

“ Impossible !” he returned, warmly ; “ nothing could be so delightful as to hear you sing and play.”

“ Indeed !” cried Rosalind ; “ and pray how do you know that ? Is it by divination you know I play so divinely as you would have me to infer you are thinking ?”

“No, not exactly by that,” he replied, laughing and colouring; “but still I do know you both play and sing divinely.”

“Well, I should like to know how you have attained this knowledge?” cried Rosalind.

“Why, suppose, from the expression
——”

“Oh, come, I hate studied compliments!” said Rosalind, laughingly interrupting him.

“But the compliments you receive can never be studied; they must be involuntary.”

“Ah, that will do very well! but,” glancing at the piano, “that is not my instrument.”

Major Ancram took the hint, and led her to a harp in another part of the room; but aware of the advantage to which she appeared at this elegant instrument, she was in no hurry to commence playing.

Provoked at what had taken place, Miss Liscarrol, after fidgetting about for some time, at length losing all patience,

demanded whether she meant to play or not? adding, she never knew a performance that was worth twice asking for.

“Oh, when you hear mine, you will be of a different opinion!” said Rosalind, maliciously laughing.

Miss Liscarrol turned up her lip.—“Some people are fortunate in a good opinion of themselves,” she said.

“Which is happy for them,” retorted Rosalind, “as it renders them blind to that which others entertain of them.”

“But,” said major Ancram, checking the involuntary smile which this retort had excited, “it is natural for Miss Liscarrol to be impatient for what she is aware will afford her so much pleasure.”

“True,” cried Rosalind, “and as I like to gratify my friends,” and she laid an emphasis on the word, “I shall not any longer delay the pleasure she is so impatient for.”

Determined not to enter into any competition with Miss Liscarrol, she sung a simple Scotch ballad. Various were the

efforts that were made to interrupt or mar her performance, but they all proved unsuccessful, and major Ancram was enchanted. More, however, by looks than words, he testified the delight he experienced ; yet, as she was quitting the instrument—" Were I to say what I think," he cried, " you would deem me extravagant."

" Then don't say it," replied Rosalind ; " leave it to me to imagine."

" But do you think you could imagine it?"

" Yes, all."

" All!" he repeated, emphatically.

" Yes, all that commonplace gallantry could dictate—that I have sang like a Cecilia, and——"

" Let me conclude the sentence for you?" he cried, warmly.

" Oh, no ! it is not worth finishing," she exclaimed, and bounded away to join the dancers with a gentleman who had been for some minutes soliciting her hand, and might perhaps have felt a little piqued

and surprised at its not being asked by major Ancram, but that she saw he declined dancing, evidently from a feeling of the inconsistency of it with his present mourning habit; and indeed nothing had ever seemed to her more revolting to the feelings than to see a person in the weeds of wo partaking of such an amusement, and admired him still more for the delicacy and feeling it was manifest he possessed from this; she felt delighted, when, on the breaking up of the party, he was invited, with his friend, to join it, the next day, at Monteagle Castle, to dinner.

His attentions were the same on the next as on this. Several parties ensued, and at each successive one he was, if possible, still more particular than at the last; so that she gradually became confirmed in her belief of his being a decided admirer. It was a belief that conveyed transport to her heart, for never had she seen—never had she conversed with a being who so truly answered every idea she had formed of perfection.

Lord Orielson ceased to be thought of; and how did she rejoice at not having yielded to the entreaties of poor dear Mrs. Woodburne to remain quietly at Dunamore, and there patiently await the arrival of her poor droning relation with his snug little fortune, as she pictured him to be! If she had done so, what should she not have lost by the circumstance!

Several days elapsed in this manner, when a party was made to view the magnificent remains of an ancient church on an island in a lake in the neighbourhood. The earl and countess happened to be engaged on the day fixed for it, but it was decided that Rosalind should be of it, to her extreme delight; there were always such opportunities for particular attentions in such parties, and for detached conversations; and, in short, she quite anticipated with impatience the day for it: but it was a day destined to be one of vexation to her. The morning or two preceding it, she received a letter from Anna, informing her that the friend they

had often been speaking of to her, and had anticipated with such pleasure introducing her to, had at length visited Dunamore, but only on his way to her neighbourhood; so that, in a day or two, she might expect to see him with a letter of introduction from her mother.

Nothing could possibly have disconcerted Rosalind more than this intimation. She had contrived to learn that their relation, who, of course, was the person she had no doubt that was now meant, though a very good kind of man, was the very reverse of what she could like to have known as an acquaintance of hers; and the idea of introducing him—a being so old-fashioned, quizzical, and queer in his manners and appearance, as he was represented to be, to the sneering Liscarrols and the elegant Ancram, was absolutely insupportable to her imagination. Yet what was to be done? Indebted, as she was, to the Woodburnes, for so many kindnesses, how could she possibly think of slighting any friend or

connexion of theirs? Merely to receive the letter he brought, but take no notice of him, would be to a certainty to offend them, and cause herself to be stigmatized for ingratitude.

At length, after much deliberation, she thought, as she conceived, on an expedient that would obviate all danger of this, and extricate her completely out of the dilemma in which she found herself. It was, when he called, to have him informed that she had left the castle for an uncertain time with some visitors who had recently been there, and to confine herself within doors for some days till she should suppose he had quitted the neighbourhood; for, as she could not avoid thinking she was his sole inducement to it, she concluded, on being told what she intended, his stay would not be of very long continuance; yet, with inexpressible regret and reluctance, in pursuance of this plan, she thought of giving up the delightful party made for visiting the lake: but it could not be helped, and it was

better to endure the vexation which doing so occasioned her, than the mortification of being compelled to drag such a being into company along with her. Lest of any mischance, she was obliged to get the family at the castle to sanction the assertion of her being absent; so that it was absolutely imagined in the neighbourhood she had actually left the castle for a little time. She explained to the countess her motive for wishing to have this thought, and she could not help laughing on hearing it; but Mrs. Trelawney sneered, and said she gave herself great airs indeed.

The day after Anna's letter, the expected one from her mother was received: it was brought by a servant, with a message to know when it would be agreeable to Miss Glenmorlie to see him. The answer she had settled was given, and she heard no more of the gentleman.

On the day of the party to the lake, the family at the castle, as already mentioned, were engaged from home, and obliged to

decline going with them : she passed it in a restless, discontented manner. Unable longer to endure remaining within, she strolled into the park after tea; and after rambling about some time, found herself near a rustic building, fitted up for the accommodation of occasional visitors. She was carelessly turning from it when she heard her name pronounced, and the next instant saw several of the party on which her thoughts were employed, coming down the steps to meet her, and amongst them major Ancram.

“ And pray, fair lady,” was the almost-general exclamation of those she was most intimate with, as she returned with them to the building, where, having landed near the spot, tea was prepared for them, “ how is it that we see you here, when we thought you had quitted the castle?”

“ Oh, you must not ask!” said Rosalind, laughing, diverted by the surprise beholding her so unexpectedly had occasioned, and elated by seeing Ancram herself in the same way.

“Why, is it a secret?”

“Yes—that is, I meant it should be so; but I believe I must explain, in order to prevent the danger of what I wish being counteracted. The fact is, I only pretended I had left the castle, in order to avoid an introduction to a person I greatly disliked the idea of.”

“Lord, I wonder you would take the trouble! what so easy as to have let them know you did not like it?”

“Ah! but then I should have offended the kindest friends in the world. It is on their account entirely, not on account of the gentleman’s feelings, I assure you, that I wished to avoid letting it be known that I had a particular dislike to his acquaintance.”

“Well, and what kind of being is he, that you should have this dislike?”

“Oh, hideous! if he accords with the idea I have formed of him in my imagination! yet, notwithstanding, I feel that on account of those who wished to have

introduced him to me, I should not have played this trick with respect to him ; but——”

She paused, in utter surprise at the dark contracting of Ancram's brow at the moment. She knew not how it could be that what she had been saying could offend him ; and yet it struck her, that to this was owing the sudden alteration in his countenance. In confusion and perplexity at the thought, she forgot what she had been about adding, and moving mechanically to a chair, remained for a minute or two without again speaking. Then again looking up, and trying to rally herself—“ Why, you seem,” she cried, addressing him, as he sat a little behind her, “ as if you had left your spirits behind you in one of the old cells you have been viewing.”

“ Really,” he replied, but in a tone very different from his usual one ; “ yes, really ; but places of the kind have sometimes an effect upon the imagination ; yes, but, as it happened, I did not take any

great spirits with me to leave behind ;” and he again sunk into a fit of musing.

Rosalind felt still more surprised, and regarding him earnestly, became still more confirmed, from the expression of his countenance, when he caught her observing him, in her previous idea of having, in some way or other, offended him.

The surmise was so painful, that she at length tried to struggle against it, and persuade herself that she must be mistaken, and that it was nothing but some sudden depression that affected him ; and reviving at the thought, she exerted all her powers of playfulness to rouse and reanimate him ; but all would not do ; he continued silent, abstracted, and completely unlike what he was wont to be.

At length Rosalind, a little piqued, and suddenly recollecting that the family by this time might be returned to the castle, and that her being missed might create uneasiness, starting up, said she must be gone ; but her retiring was opposed—there were some musical instruments in the build-

ing, and the party, intending to have some playing and singing, could not think of parting with her, but proposed that a servant should be sent to quiet any alarm that her being absent from the castle might have occasioned.

Ancram listened quietly to the arrangement; then slowly rising—"Permit me to be the messenger?" he said.

"Oh, no! why should you take that trouble?" cried Rosalind, with quickness, who, though piqued, was still unwilling he should not be present when she commenced singing.

"I wish it," he replied, in a cold constrained tone, and departed.

Rosalind felt miserable—something she saw was wrong, but what she knew not; and her ignorance on the subject served to render her still more unhappy. She tried to play—to sing; but she failed in each effort, and pleading a sudden headache, withdrew from the instrument, and threw herself on a sofa away from the party; but her eyes were fixed on the

door, for notwithstanding the manner in which Ancram had departed, she looked to see him return ; but minute after minute passed away without again bringing him, and unable longer to constrain her feelings, she suddenly left her seat, and took the opportunity of the attention of the party being diverted from her at the moment to slip away unperceived ; not without a hope of encountering Ancram by the way, or finding him with the family at the castle, and of something, in either case occurring, to remove the uneasiness under which she laboured. But in both these expectations she was disappointed, and a restless night, in consequence, made her rise early in the morning, to try whether the air would remove the headache that ensued. Involuntarily her steps took the direction of the rustic building, and on reaching it, though she knew not why, she listlessly sauntered into it ; but how was she almost electrified into animation again by finding Ancram there ! —“ You here !” she exclaimed, in a tone

indicative of the surprise she experienced at seeing him ; “ you here ! ” and suddenly becoming conscious of the emotion she had betrayed, she blushed, and tried to appear composed, by saying something, in a rallying accent, of his being an admirer of the beauties of morning to rise so early.

“ Certainly, I am indeed ! ” was the reply ; “ it was not, however, to admire them I rose so early this morning, but to prepare for my journey.”

“ Journey ! ” repeated Rosalind ; “ what journey ? you are not going, sure ! ”

“ Yes, I am indeed ! the chaise that is to convey me hence is at this moment actually waiting for me ; and I only delayed setting off to search for a letter which I missed this morning, and fancied I might have dropped here.”

Only delayed his departure to search for a letter—not to take leave of her ! and had all his attentions come to this ? and had he actually meant nothing by them—nothing but to amuse himself at the ex-

pence of her tranquillity ! yet this was inconsistent with his general character, his manner, his sentiments ; and again she gave way to the idea of having, in some way or other, injured herself in his estimation, and the world, if she could, she would have given to know how ; but this was impossible, at least through her own means, and, in inconceivable distress, she turned aside to a window to conceal the pain she was enduring. As she leaned against it, the identical letter major Ancram was in search of caught her eye, immediately beneath it, on the outside ; and stooping down, she picked it up. As she was presenting it to him, involuntarily glancing at the superscription—" If I did not know," she cried, " that you are unacquainted with him, I should think this letter was directed by a friend of mine, the gentleman with whom I saw you conversing at Dunamore Abbey."

" Perhaps you would not err if you did," said he, coolly, as he took the letter from her.

Rosalind started.—“What! do you know Mr. Woodburne, after all, then?” she exclaimed.

Ancram bowed.

“And yet conceal it from me!” she resentfully cried—“conceal it for the purpose of hearing me betray—expose myself to you,” and she burst into an agony of tears. The truth at once striking her, that, acquainted with the obligations she owed the Woodburnes, the disgust excited by the ingratitude her recent conduct evinced towards them, had decided him on thinking no more of her. Yes, it was evident this was the case; to this was owing the sudden alteration in his manner—the sudden contraction of that brow, so open, so benevolent, so indicative, in his own heart, of all that was noble and generous. Fool!—idiot! to speak so incautiously as she did—to aver herself capable of such ingratitude—such artifice; but she was punished—properly punished for it; she had lost by it the esteem of the only man for whom her heart had

ever yet entertained a preferable regard; and nothing—no, nothing, she believed, in the first agony imparted by the belief, could compensate her for this.

“I should be concerned,” cried major Ancram, “if Miss Glenmorlie accused me of having any unworthy motive for what she has now discovered, or thought me capable of turning to her prejudice any thing I may have heard in consequence.”

“Oh no! I accuse you of nothing of the kind,” she replied, “or believe you capable of any thing ungenerous; but still I cannot but resent—cannot but feel hurt, that you should have left it to chance for me to discover what I have now done.”

“But perhaps it was not my original intention,” returned Ancram, half-smiling, “to leave it to chance, and perhaps I only refrained explaining it myself, from a hope that the kind friends to whom I left mentioning it, might, at the same time, prove I was not altogether unworthy of those sentiments with which I wished to

inspire Miss Glenmorlie. Had she condescended to see me, as I solicited, after receiving Mrs. Woodburne's intended letter of introduction, all this would perhaps have been satisfactorily proved to her."

Rosalind started from the sofa on which she had flung herself.—"Mrs. Woodburne's letter of introduction!" she repeated; "what! was it from you it came? and were you the person—you the friend, she meant, and not that odious relation of hers I have always been in such dread of knowing?"

Ancram bowed.

"And, good God! why did I not know all this before?" cried Rosalind, passionately; "and what could be the reason for all this mystery and concealment? but it matters not!" she cried, turning resentfully away; "I have been excessively ill-used throughout the affair, and I resent it accordingly."

"No!" cried Ancram, warmly, "no! and I am convinced Miss Glenmorlie will

think so herself, when she comes coolly to reflect on the matter. There was no unworthy motive for the concealment, and that alone could give her a right to say she was ill used by it."

"And what was the motive then for it?" demanded Rosalind, turning round with quickness on him.

Ancram coloured, hesitated, attempted to explain, and then suddenly became silent.

Rosalind looked earnestly at him, and was prevented by his confusion from pressing the question. The truth indeed became too evident to her to require it to be repeated. It seemed evident to her that he had taken a fancy to her, the day on which he had met her at the abbey; and through a romantic whim, wishing to get acquainted with her sentiments ere he disclosed his own, had got the Woodburnes to aid him in his plan for the purpose, and a delightful one it would have proved but for herself. Yes, she alone was to blame, she again became convinced.

Yes, it was she herself alone who had destroyed the favourable opinion which others had inspired him with of her—that favourable opinion without which she felt persuaded he never would have thought seriously of her; but was it irretrievable? was it so utterly destroyed, that he would persevere in his resolution of going? and she involuntarily turned her eyes inquiringly on him.

He seemed to understand their language, for approaching her—"Miss Glenmorlie will not, I hope, let me depart," he cried, "without relieving my mind from the pain of thinking that any unworthy suspicion of me lurks in hers."

"You are then really departing," cried Rosalind, only attending to this illusion.

"Really."

Rosalind's lip quivered, and for a moment she was obliged to turn aside her head. Then, endeavouring to appear unconcerned, and anxious to know whether he was returning to Dunamore.—"A fine tale you will tell of me," she said, "I sup-

pose, when you rejoin our friends at Dunamore."

"Miss Glenmorlie need not fear," he rather reproachfully replied, "any tale to her prejudice from me. If she is as highly thought of as I wish her to be, none need desire to be more highly estimated. But I delay her," he added, purposely, as it seemed to her, avoiding touching upon what she was so desirous of ascertaining; "and my friend Glenmire, who accompanies me hence, is, I dare say, by this time, quite at a loss to know what has become of me; and so farewell! God bless you!" and, spite of her efforts to prevent him, through pique and resentment at his persevering in going, he would take her hand.

Rosalind for a moment struggled to disengage it; then utterly overcome, she covered her eyes with her other hand, and gushed into tears; she felt Ancram press the hand he had taken to his lips—to his heart, whilst broken and murmured sentences escaped him: he relinquished it.

Rosalind gasped, and pressing it against her breast, as if to subdue the emotions that struggled there, uncovered her eyes; but he was gone—gone without saying whether they should ever meet again; and in agony at the thought, she rushed after him to the door, but he was completely out of sight; and retreating into the building, she again threw herself almost distractedly on the sofa, and again burst into tears.

Yet since he could so coolly, so easily, so decidedly, part from her, was he worth the pang she felt on his account—the regard, the affection, of a heart so ardent, so sensitive, as hers? No; and she strove to revive—to reinspirit herself, at the thought; but had she not provoked what she so resented? Yes, too certainly; and —“Fool, fool!” she passionately exclaimed at the idea, “to let him depart without making an effort to vindicate myself in his eyes—to prove that I was not the light, the frivolous being I gave him so much reason to imagine.”

Yet how could pride—how could delicacy, have permitted such an effort? would not the motive for it have been evident, and would this have been consistent with the respect she owed to herself? No; and since matters therefore must remain as they were, she would not permit him to occupy another thought; but, despite of this resolve, several days elapsed without her being able for a moment to detach them from him; and during which she more than once was on the point of addressing Anna concerning him; but the detail into which she must enter, the explanations she must give, to render herself perfectly understood, or rather obtain for herself the information she wished for, still checked her; for how could she bear to acknowledge to the Woodburnes the want of sincerity she had manifested in her professions of regard for them? and, finally, she decided on silence relative to all that had lately passed.

But though she should be destined never to see major Ancram again, she felt

she should never be able to forbear wishing to know to what cause or reason was owing the Woodburnes not having been explicit about him, since, as was now proved to be the case, he was the person whom, in hinting of, or alluding to a friend whom they particularly wished to introduce to her, was meant. There was a mystery in the circumstance that puzzled and perplexed her; and finding the more she dwelt on it, the more it did so, she at length tried to detach her thoughts from it.

But the sneers of the Miss Liscarrols more effectually enabled her to do this than any argument she used with herself for the purpose; she had given them every reason to imagine she considered Ancram as a conquest, and their triumph at the mistake into which her insolent vanity had led her was not to be concealed.

Rosalind was not of a temper to let such an one be quietly enjoyed over her; reanimated by it, she quickly recovered her wonted vivacity and playfulness of

manner, and became as captivating as ever.

Lord Orierton again began to be thought of; his arrival was now daily expected; and how gratifying would it be, she felt, to have Ancram informed, through the medium of the Woodburnes, of her having achieved such a conquest! Might not the intimation be a means of recalling him, and the idea decided her on it, if possible.

Wishing to finish a work that had greatly interested her, she declined going out one morning with the countess and her mother, and was sitting reading in the boudoir of the former, when some one entered abruptly from the shrubbery into which it opened. Rosalind turned to see who it was, and beheld a very elegant young man, whom she at once decided to be lord Orierton, from his strong likeness to the countess; nor was she mistaken—it was indeed lord Orierton she saw, who, tired of being pent up for many hours in a carriage, alighted at the first gate he

came to, instead of driving round to the grand entrance, and was passing the apartment just mentioned, when a glimpse of Rosalind within it, making him think it was his mother he saw, he rushed in, as already stated.

The moment he discovered his mistake, he proceeded to apologize for the manner in which he had entered, but with looks that seemed inquiring who the fair stranger was he was addressing; and the flutter of Rosalind at the unexpected incident was heightened by the intenseness of his gaze. So conscious was she of the emotion it occasioned her, that on his ringing to know the direction in which the earl and countess were gone, she took the opportunity of slipping off to her chamber, nor met him again till dinner-time, by which time his curiosity respecting her was fully satisfied; but she soon became convinced that curiosity was not the only feeling with which she had inspired him, and the conviction had the effect of rendering her still more attractive. The re-

sult of this soon became obvious, rendering the countess fully sensible of the imprudence she had been guilty of, in throwing such a creature in his way.

Lovely as was Rosalind, and well-connected, yet neither she nor the earl could think of sanctioning their son's attachment for her, from the still more ambitious views they entertained for him. Heir to an ancient title and immense possessions, they could not think of allowing him to form an alliance less illustrious than he was entitled to from these circumstances, and accordingly decided, the moment they became sensible of their hopes respecting this being likely to be endangered, on sending Rosalind away. A hint to a friend at a distance occasioned an invitation to lord Orielson, which he knew not how to refuse, though most reluctant to accept, from his unwillingness to quit his fair enslaver; and the moment almost he was gone, the countess signified to Rosalind, that the family being under a necessity of returning to England much sooner than

they had at first intended, she could not ask her to protract her visit.

Raised as she had her expectations of taking her over with her, the dismay and astonishment of Rosalind at this intimation were unutterable. The disappointment it inflicted fell like something chilling on her heart, and tears—tears of bitter mortification, burst from her, despite of the efforts of pride to restrain them—tears that so distressed and embarrassed the countess, from the consciousness of what they were owing to, as to make her hastily retire from the apartment.

To endeavour to make amends for the disappointment she had inflicted, she loaded her with costly presents, and with fond caresses mingled the kindest assurances of regard; but nothing could appease the resentment of Rosalind; with difficulty she forbore repulsing those caresses, and spurning these presents; nothing prevented her but the reflection of the injury she might do herself with lord Orierton, by offending his mother.

Angry as she was, however, with the countess, she still felt persuaded she had an affection for her—a persuasion that led her to believe, if left to her own feelings, she would not have acted in this manner. To the influence of Mrs. Trelawney she imputed her doing so, and the idea did not tend to lessen her previous dislike to that lady.

The countess intended sending her woman with her, but relinquished the intention, in consequence of her being offered a seat in the carriage of a family that were going to Waterton, to embark thence for England, and who kindly offered to send her the remainder of her journey.

On a lovely evening in June she found herself again at home, where all around was now smiling in summer beauty. The bright blush of the evening sky was reflected in the sparkling waves—the fields were again bespread with flowers, and gay groups of visitants to the place were scattered about in various directions; but nothing could cheer or console Rosalind for

the disappointment she had sustained; the nearer she drew to the end of her journey, the heavier became her heart. After the expectations she had indulged in—the predictions that were uttered, how mortifying to return as she had gone! how malicious would be the sneers! how great the triumph of those who had envied her the invitation of the countess, at the circumstance! to return too without any positive certainty of ever being introduced into fashionable life again! for if her father failed in his lawsuit, there was now but little hope of this; and her anguish at the thought was augmented by the heightened disgust and abhorrence with which she now thought of a frugal and retired life.

Every thing now seemed mean and insignificant, compared with what she had left behind her; and in an agony of bitter tears, at the thought that still what she so much despised she might be doomed to endure for ever, she fell into her mother's arms. At first Mrs. Glenmorlie imputed

these tears to joy at finding herself again at home, but she soon discovered her mistake ; the seeming unconsciousness with which Rosalind received her caresses, the petulance with which she interrupted her details of the little incidents that had occurred during her absence, and the dissatisfaction and disgust with which she looked around her—all soon tended to convince her of her error, and the conviction gave a pang of the severest nature to her maternal heart.

But the disappointment experienced by Rosalind was not entirely confined to her own bosom ; colonel and Mrs. Glenmorlie also felt disappointed and surprised, after the professions the countess had made, at her being sent back in the hasty manner she was : too liberal, too rational, however, to resent without a conviction of having cause, they proceeded to inquiries, and, by dint of interrogation, at length began to ascertain the truth.

Colonel Glenmorlie could not help feeling hurt, greatly hurt, at the idea of his

alliance being disdained; still, however, when he reflected on the great expectations the earl and countess had a right to entertain for their son, he could not wonder at their not voluntarily relinquishing them; and what he could not wonder at, he could not be offended at.

His wife thought as he did; but not so Rosalind herself. At the idea of being deemed unworthy of the addresses of lord Orielson, her haughty soul took fire, and whatever partiality she had conceived for the family became almost converted into hatred. Alike she inveighed against them all, protesting they were all alike base, fickle, and insincere; and that whilst she lived, she should regret her introduction to them; and in asserting this, she asserted but what she thought at the moment, imputing, as she did, to that circumstance, her loss of Ancram—yes, it was on his account Mrs. Woodburne had warned her against accepting their invitation—had conjured her to remain at home; but she would not attend to her—she laughed at—she derided.

the effort that was made to detain her; and how, in her very innermost soul, did she now regret having done so!

Her first inquiry on reaching home was after the Woodburnes, and her feelings of discontent were not lessened on learning, a day or two previous to her arrival, they had left home on a visit to a friend, with whom they were in the habit of often passing a month or two during summer. Had they remained, her curiosity, at least, if not anxiety, about Ancram, might have been satisfied. It would have been scarcely possible, she thought, for them to have avoided saying something about him, and the mystery concerning him might gradually have been revealed. Yet of what consequence to her now to have it explained, or listen to any particulars about him, convinced, as she was, of his having ceased to think of her, from never having heard any thing concerning him since his leaving the neighbourhood of Monteagle Castle? Had he continued to do so, he cer-

tainly would have contrived to have given her some intimation of this through the Woodburnes.

A little soothing and indulgence was all that was requisite, Mrs. Glenmorlie fondly flattered herself, to bring her back to her former temper and habits; but day after day elapsed without effecting this, and at length she decided on remonstrating with her on the subject, conceiving she should ill fulfil the duty of a parent, if she allowed her to waste her time in murmurs and repinings.

At the very first allusion to this, Rosalind wrung her hands in wrathful agony. "What!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears of passion, "is it not enough that I am compelled to live in this odious place, and associate with those I despise, but that I must also be obliged to submit to the drudgery of matters I detest?"

Mrs. Glenmorlie clasped her hands, and looked up to heaven—"Good God!" she exclaimed, turning of a deadly paleness, "have I then lost my child? Oh! how

true is the observation, that we little know what will be productive of happiness to us! How delighted was I at your invitation to Monteagle Castle, and yet how bitterly do I now regret the circumstance! Yet, was your affection for your father and me what I fondly assured myself it was, not so immediately could your feelings be altered, or your regard alienated from the home they occupy. Unhappy girl! how many wretched beings would prostrate themselves in gratitude to Heaven for such a home as that you now detest and scorn! May you never know what it is to feel the want of such an one! But, alas! Heaven often punishes our discontent, by rendering us blind to the blessings in our possession till deprived of them. With what mingled horror and amazement may you yet recall this moment, and revert to the expressions that have at once shocked and amazed me!"

The natural affections, the warm feelings of Rosalind, unsubdued, unmoved

she could not behold the tears she had occasioned her mother—unrepentant witness the agony into which she had thrown her. Shocked, confounded, she stood for a moment as if transfixed; then flinging herself at the feet of her mother, with bursting tears she implored her forgiveness for the pain she had given her, assuring her, if she but gave her the consolation of saying she had no doubt of her affection for her or her father, she would strain every nerve to be again all she wished.

Clasping her to her bosom, the fond mother readily granted what she required; but how readily do we forgive where we love, and yield to a belief essential to our happiness!—"No—I could not desire to live, if I did not think I was loved by those I love," said Mrs. Glenmorlie; "existence is only valuable to me, as I think I am regarded by them; and now, my dear child, let the past be forgotten; I am not altogether surprised that the disappointment you met with should have been felt; yet so often does imagination out-

strip reality, or rather so seldom does the latter come up with the former, that the infliction of it perhaps has only saved you from a greater one. However, were you even sure that would not have been the case, it is childish to regret what is not attainable—worse indeed if we reflect on the real sorrows and calamities of this life. How trifling would your case of sorrow appear to the mourners caused by that treacherous element, last winter, that now so beautifully reflects the vivid dyes of heaven! The bereaved orphan, the lonely widow, the childless mother, the thousands and thousands of wretches, that are literally compelled

‘ To pick their wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek their nightly shed, and weep till morn.’

Nay, do not seem impatient. I know we cannot always argue in this manner; that when vexed, it is impossible not sometimes to shew it: but then we should struggle, as much as possible, to obtain a command over ourselves; and in ceasing to think of your recent disappointment, I must also

beg you will cease railing against the Monteagle family—to rail against them is a base requital for their generous and unsought friendship to your father.”

“ Well, I am sorry I said any thing against them,” said Rosalind, “ that is, with the exception of Mrs. Trelawney—nasty, spiteful, old creature! I am sure it was entirely owing to her that lady Monteagle gave up taking me over with her to England. I saw she was jealous of me, from the moment I entered the house—an abominable woman! she is as spiteful as an old maid, and as fond of gambling as a black-legs. I am sure, if Pam could ask her, she would marry him, for the sake of always having him in her possession, and that she would rather leave her chamber without saying her prayers than without rouge. I shall hate her as long as I live.”

“ No, no!” cried her mother, “ Heaven forbid you were capable of that! But let me entreat you never to make use of that expression again. I hate the word *hate*,

from the rancorous feelings it gives an idea of; from the lips of a young person, in particular, it is revolting, as they at least, inexperienced in the frauds, and deceits, and villanies of mankind, should be in amity with all."

Rosalind listened patiently to this lecture, but was not, in reality, much benefited by it. She was grieved, it is true, at having pained her mother, and persuaded to think it ungrateful to speak farther against the countess: but utterly to subdue the feelings occasioned by her disappointment was impossible, or to think with complacency of her imagined enemy, Mrs. Trelawney.

The rankling feelings that still found harbour in her breast, were not lessened by the invidious triumph she conceived enjoyed at her expence: on every countenance she thought she perceived a sneer, and discovered exultation in every voice at her coming back so suddenly and unengaged; and again and again she regret-

ted ever having accepted the invitation to Monteagle Castle.

She could not envy Anna — no, she loved her too sincerely for that ; yet even what she heard about her since her return augmented what she felt at the disappointment of her own expectations. The fame of her own charms had extended beyond Waterton, and sir William Le Fleming, a young baronet residing in the neighbourhood of that town, and but lately returned from the Continent, came expressly to a ball at Dunamore for the purpose of seeing her.

The party with whom he came knew nothing of her absence from it till after their arrival. In the course of the evening some of them took an opportunity of inquiring from him how he bore his disappointment relative to seeing the beauty of the place ?

“ Disappointment !” he repeated, “ why, surely I have not been disappointed of seeing her,” and his eye involuntarily glanced

at Anna, who happened to be there that evening, attired with her usual simplicity, and indebted to nothing but her natural advantages for admiration. Each eye followed the direction of his, and charms which had not before been seen in her, perhaps were now discovered through the admiration he avowed.

The moment he entered the room, her appearance had struck him; and conceiving she must be the beauty of whom he had heard so much, he waited not for the ceremony of introduction to solicit her hand. Her unaffected manner, and style of conversation, did not lessen the admiration her appearance had excited; and when he discovered his mistake concerning her, his heart felt he could desire to see nothing more lovely. He resumed the seat beside her, which for a moment he had vacated—engaged her for another set—continued wandering about, the next morning, till he encountered her and her father going down to the strand to walk—

immediately joined them, returned with them to the cottage, and from that moment seemed to consider himself as an acknowledged acquaintance.

Anna could not be altogether blind to the sentiments she had inspired, but she had none of the ridiculous vanity that would have led her to boast of what she thought; she knew it was very possible for a person to admire without being serious, and besides, she had not yet sufficiently examined her heart to know whether, if he really were so, she could bring herself to give encouragement to sir William. But on both these points she was soon out of suspense — sir William no sooner heard of her intended departure from Dunamore with her parents, than he declared himself; and, through the representations of her father, she was induced to give a conditional promise to become his, if, upon a further knowledge of each other's disposition and sentiments, it was found they sufficiently agreed to let them hope for happiness in an union.

And this conquest might have been hers, Rosalind reflected, had she remained at home; for, attractive as was Anna, yet beside her, what chance would she have had of it? So vanity whispered; and yet she by no means envied her it—on the contrary, she rejoiced at her good fortune: but still she could not avoid feeling an unpleasant sensation at the idea of her having got the start of her, with regard to an establishment in life, so comparatively little as she fancied she had been thought of when compared with her. Yet she felt it would have been ungenerous to have wished to have made a conquest of sir William, feeling almost persuaded, as she did, that she would have rejected him; and yet it would have been so gratifying to her vanity and her pride to have had it known that she had the power of rejecting such a suitor—yes, that was what she exactly wanted; and it stung her to the soul to think that she had not yet been able to boast of one absolutely-decided conquest or splendid offer.

CHAPTER VIII.
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WHILE she was indulging the idle regrets of vanity on this account, lord Orielton returned to Monteagle Castle; and finding her gone, the pang he felt at the circumstance rendered him even more sensible than he had been before of the sentiments with which she had inspired him. A suspicion of the fact soon occurred—he quickly discovered that artifice had been had recourse to, to separate them, and, indignant at the discovery, abruptly quitted the castle, and proceeded forthwith to Dunamore, without exactly saying whether he was going.

His unexpected visit to it extremely disconcerted colonel and Mrs. Glenmorlie, more especially as they speedily ascertained its being without the concurrence of his family. However, the former soon decided

how to act ; should the reserve of his manner not succeed in inducing his lordship to shorten this, he decided on acquainting the earl with it, and, in the meantime, on taking care to prevent any particular communication between him and Rosalind. To do this, however, required all the address he was master of ; so intent was the young lover on obtaining an opportunity for declaring himself, and so well inclined was the lady to afford it to him. He could not help being hurt by the coldness with which he was treated, both by the colonel and Mrs. Glenmorlie ; still he could not bring himself to quit the place.

In pursuance of his determination, therefore, when the former found day after day elapse without his giving any intimation of his having an intention to do so, he took him to task on the subject, plainly informing him, that if he delayed his departure much longer, he should certainly apprise the earl of his visit to the place, lest otherwise he should himself be unworthily suspected of what he was incap-

able of.—“Aware of the sentiments of the earl your father, my lord,” he proudly said, “neither pride, nor honour, nor the sense of obligation I owe him, will permit me to sanction those you entertain for my daughter. Never, with my consent, shall she enter a family that do not, in every respect, think her worthy of their alliance; if, therefore, you linger here, you will not only compel me to send her hence, but force me to do what may be the means of creating a difference between you and your father. Be advised, therefore, and give up a pursuit that must prove unavailing.”

Lord Orielton, after some exertion of his eloquence, finding neither arguments nor persuasions of avail with him, at length seemed to acquiesce in those he had used with himself; and taking a formal leave of the family, left Dunamore; but he only left it in the morning to return to it at night, to lodgings provided for him by his valet. Here he remained concealed for several days, when, becoming convinced

there was but little chance of obtaining the opportunity he wished for of speaking to Rosalind without letting her know he was there, he decided on endeavouring to do so. He durst not venture to write, lest of the letter falling into the hands of her father; but he knew the part of the house she immediately occupied, from her having one day, in the garden, pointed out to him a beautiful shrub that clustered round the windows; and could he gain access to the garden at night, he conceived he might be able to contrive some expedient for letting her know what he wished.

The colonel's house was built on the brow of a hill, and the garden descended in terraces to a kind of Gothic building, opening to fields extending to the very edge of the cliffs. Up these lord Orierton made his way to the fields, and through them approached the garden; but the night unluckily happening to be dark, and neither moon nor stars, though probably invoked to do so, choosing to unmuffle themselves, he mistook the garden

of lady Dundrum, which indeed externally seemed to form part of it, for the one he meant to enter; and in making his way into it, alarmed a dog, which she had as an out-centinel. At his first bark her ladyship, whose head, when on the pillow, never ceased running on White Boys, Shanavats, and Caravats, and such like desperadoes, took the alarm, and rousing her man Pat, called out to him to fire, and cry murder.

Pat obeyed, and her next-door neighbours being awakened—"What is the matter, Pat?" demanded the colonel, as he flung up the sash of his chamber.

"Faith and troth, I don't know, sir," Pat very leisurely replied. "I only know my mistress called to me to fire and cry murder, but for what I can't tell."

"Oh, my dear colonel! I will tell you myself," exclaimed her ladyship, thrusting herself out of the window as far as she could venture—"I will tell you myself—there has been a most terrible attack meditated to-night, and so I beg that you

and your men will fire away, without delay, all the blunderbusses and pistols you have in the house."

"But are you sure, my dear madam," asked the colonel, a little hesitatingly, in consequence of having often before been disturbed by mere fancies of her ladyship's, "that you had no unpleasant dream?"

"Oh, no, my dear colonel! I myself saw one of the gang, that I am sure consists at least of twenty, making his way back again over the hedge into the fields; and Heaven knows but what the rest may be lurking amongst these bushes and trees here; so fire, my dear colonel—fire, I implore!"

"Suppose, my dear madam, we first reconnoitered?" and withdrawing from the window, he slipped on his night-gown, and forthwith proceeded to do so.

As he was searching about, the light in lady Dundrum's window permitted him to see something glistening on the ground; he took it up, and bringing it close to the candle, perceived it was a ring of lord

Orielton's, which he had remarked on his finger as a very fine antique. The whole affair was now explained—his lordship had deceived him, and, of course, any further search was unnecessary.

Having quieted the alarm of lady Dundrum, he went back, and found his wife and daughter anxiously watching for him. Involuntarily, as he entered, he darted an angry glance at the latter—why she could not tell, and was musing on the circumstance in her way back to her chamber, when, the parlour-door remaining open, into which her father had gone with her mother, she heard sufficient to explain the cause, and fill her mind with ecstasy.

The next day was spent by the colonel in trying to find out the Romeo of the preceding night; but in vain, through the precautions the enamoured Orielton had taken. Vexed and irritated, the colonel returned home, yet not without a hope that the disappointment he had experienced in his project for speaking with Rosalind might have had the effect of in-



ducing him to depart: till perfectly satisfied on this head, however, he deemed it the wisest way to say nothing on the subject to Rosalind, lest if not, as he hoped, her knowledge of it might lead to the defeat of all his precautions.

In the meantime, flattered by the persevering attachment of lord Orielson, Rosalind determined it should not be her fault if he languished in vain for a meeting. While her father was employed in endeavouring to discover where he had secreted himself, she went out, and persuaded, if still in the place, he would be on the alert to speak to her, bent her steps to a spot where, should he follow, their conversation would not be liable to interruption. She was not wrong in what she thought—lord Orielson had a spy upon her movements, and no sooner learnt whither she was gone, than he speedily followed.

Meeting succeeded meeting, and, all hope respecting Ancram lost, Rosalind, though sighingly, reluctantly, was almost

brought to consent to an elopement, when the unexpected interference of her father prevented the step. For a few days, owing to his having no suspicion of her knowing any thing about the trick lord Orielson had played him, he had not minded missing her of an evening; but when at length he found she could not satisfactorily account for the circumstance, he determined to watch her, and, in consequence, surprised her and lord Orielson walking together beneath the cliffs.

His indignation at the circumstance was too clearly evinced by his looks, to render any other demonstration of it necessary; a silent one of it, however, was not sufficient for him—"After this, my lord," he cried, as he seized the arm of the affrighted Rosalind, who stood in an awe of him that made her tremble at the idea of having incurred his displeasure—"after this, there is an end of all further forbearance concerning you. I wished to avoid the risk of creating domestic unhappiness; but consideration for myself will not any

longer permit me to be influenced by this; and as to this imprudent girl, should she any longer, in utter forgetfulness of what she owes to herself, attempt acting in opposition to my wishes and commands, she will find that in ceasing to remember the duty of a child, I also have ceased to feel the affection of a father."

The letter he immediately dispatched to Monteagle Castle occasioned a peremptory one for the immediate return thither of lord Orielton. Ere its arrival, however, he had made up his mind to this, for the purpose of following up the colonel's invidious statement, as he termed it, by a full explanation of his sentiments respecting Rosalind. It failed, however, of producing the effect he had hoped; and the agitation and vexation of his mind, unused as he was to contradiction or opposition of any kind, united to fatigue, brought on an illness that shortly assumed a dangerous appearance.

In terror at the circumstance, his parents began to repent their inflexibility to

his wishes; the world had nothing to offer them in compensation for his loss; and, at length, yielding to their apprehensions, they implicitly declared he should meet with no further opposition from them.

Whether the assurance had any salutary effect, or whether he might not have recovered without it, matters not; suffice it, he shortly afterwards got better; and as soon as he was in a state of convalescence, the earl wrote to colonel Glenmorlie, to acquaint him with what had passed, and express his hope, that his first hesitation about the marriage would not now operate to the disadvantage of his son.

Colonel Glenmorlie had certainly been greatly hurt by this; his resentment, however, was not sufficiently powerful to induce him to reject the overture now made—a match so every way flattering to his pride and ambition, and consonant, as he had every reason to imagine, to the wishes of his daughter, he could not bring himself to decline; and, accordingly, an an-

swer every way agreeable and satisfactory was returned.

Matters were soon arranged—as the requisite settlements prevented lord Orierton from marrying till he was of age, of which he still wanted a few months, advantage was taken of the circumstance to request that nothing might at present be said of the affair, till the earl had himself broke it to a family with whom he had entered into a matrimonial engagement for him. The colonel made no objection to the proposition; and after passing a few days together, midway between their respective residences, they separated, the earl to proceed to England, and the colonel to return to Dunamore.

CHAPTER IX.  
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THE ardent wish of Rosalind was now accomplished—she would soon be allowed to boast of a noble conquest ; but the conviction imparted not the happiness she had expected ; her fate irrevocably decided, as she believed, she recoiled, with something of horror, from the thought. Ideas recurred—an image was recalled, that rendered her wretched at the contemplation, and made her wish—vainly wish, that she had not suffered herself to be engaged, without giving herself time for further consideration. Yet, after the encouragement she had given lord Orielton, getting herself so entangled as she had done through pride and coquetry, how could she have drawn back, after the consent of his family was obtained to their union? No, it was impossible ; and for what she

suffered she had herself alone to blame. Suffered ! and was it really possible, with such brilliant prospects as now lay before her (her pride, her vanity, her ambition, satisfied), that she did suffer any pain or unhappiness—experienced any thing but pleasure and delight ? Her sighing heart could not answer the interrogation ; and with equal surprise and pain, her mother saw the colour fading from her cheek, and a general languor pervading her frame.

At the other side of Dunamore Abbey, about two miles from it, was another romantic bathing-place called Covetown. The station for the packets between Waterton and England, and extremely beautiful and picturesque in its situation, it had gradually become a very formidable rival to Dunamore ; while that was the resort chiefly of invalids, or families from the adjacent counties, this was the favourite and fashionable one of the gentry of Waterton, who, between cards, balls, public breakfasts, and excursions about the

harbour, found means very agreeably to pass their time.

Just at this time, some friends of lady Dundrum's, who had taken a cottage here for the season, being obliged to quit it sooner than they had expected, made her an offer of it for the remainder of the time they had taken it for—an offer which she most delightedly accepted, from the superior gaiety and fashion of the place to Dunamore, and invited Rosalind to accompany her. The invitation was accepted—Rosalind was anxious to escape from observation at home, and her mother wished her to be compelled to make exertions for shaking off the languor that seemed oppressing her.

On returning from Monteagle Castle, Rosalind learnt that lord Dunamore was at the abbey, and had made an overture for the acquaintance of her family, but which had been coldly and haughtily declined by her father, in consequence of his having discovered that he had previously been in the neighbourhood; and im-



puting it therefore not to any consideration of their relationship, but entirely to the report that was by this time in circulation of a change being about taking place in his circumstances.

If his lordship was sincere in the wish he had now expressed, why, he argued, not have taken the opportunity of his first visit to the place to intimate it? But no; he then looked upon him as a needy, distressed man, one whom the hand of fate had pressed down, never to rise again; and had he not since been led to regard him in a different light, he never would have intimated what he did; and what, therefore, originated in feelings he despised, he scorned and rejected. Yet, in believing what he did, there were many that, from the general character of lord Dunamore, would have thought him guilty of injustice; but colonel Glenmorlie was violently prejudiced against him, from the family to whom he belonged. The injuries his mother, his sister, himself, had

sustained from lord Ambresbury, had never been effaced from his mind; and the rankling recollection he retained of them made him think with dislike, almost amounting to aversion, of all connected with him, and feel even a degree of pleasure in having such an opportunity or pretext as the present for evincing this dislike.

Neither he nor Mrs. Glenmorlie had seen the earl; those that had, represented him as extremely handsome and interesting; and much regret was evinced in the neighbourhood at the little probability there was, from his professional duties, of his remaining long at the abbey.

Rosalind, from what she heard, could not avoid a little curiosity to see him: her wish for this, she made no doubt, would soon be gratified at Covetown: but she soon learned, that, though he did not altogether decline the private parties that were made for him, he hardly ever mixed in the amusements of the place, but chiefly devoted his time to examining into the

condition of his tenantry, and seeing what could be done for the redress of such grievances as came under his observation ere his return to England.

Rosalind wondered, should they meet, would he notice her? But no—she concluded not, from what had occurred respecting her father; and sometimes she felt a slight sensation of regret at the thought, so unconsciously had a feeling of esteem and admiration been inspired by what she heard concerning him.

Anxious to fly from thought, she entered with avidity into all the gaieties and dissipations of the place, and quickly recovering her vivacity, became the belle of Covetown, as she was of Dunamore.

She had been some days at the former when a party was made to visit the abbey, in which she and lady Dundrum were included; and although both had seen it before, both were very well pleased to see it again; Rosalind, from the delight she took in the contemplation of its ancient grandeur; and lady Dundrum,

from going wherever there was a chance of any amusement.

After a slight survey of the grounds, the party proceeded to view the interior of the building. In the last of the state apartments they stopped.—“And pray, Mrs. Housekeeper,” demanded one of them, a gentleman of the name of Marsden, “is there no chance of your lord quitting the army, getting married, and coming to settle here?”

“Indeed I don’t know, sir,” was the reply, “but I rather believe not.”

“Why, young, and rich, and handsome, as he is, he does not mean to follow the example of his predecessors here, I hope, by devoting himself to a life of celibacy.”

“No—I hope not, sir; that would be a pity indeed!”

“But that’s true,” resumed Mr. Marsden; “I wanted to ask you whether there was any truth in the whisper I heard of a marriage certainly having been in agitation some time ago, from apartments hav-

ing been fitted up for the immediate use of a lady here?"

Mrs. Sagely looked confused, and hesitated to reply; but at length, pressed to do so by the curiosity excited by what Mr. Marsden had said, acknowledged that she believed there was some truth in what he had heard; for that certainly such apartments as he alluded to had been fitted up in the abbey, but which were now shut up, with a positive command that they should neither be shewn or mentioned to any one.

"But to us you will shew them," was the general exclamation, "and depend upon our silence—our secrecy."

Mrs. Sagely hesitated however: she pleaded the positive injunction of her lord, and the irreparable injury she might do herself, was it discovered that she had disobeyed it; but her wish to oblige rendered her unable to persevere in refusing what was asked; and, though reluctantly, she led the way to the prohibited apartments.

They formed a suite of three: the first, a dressing-room; the second, a work-room; and the third, a library, opening to a garden; and in their respective decorations, taste and magnificence were indeed blended.

The dressing-room was hung with pearl-coloured paper, edged with a deep border of natural flowers, here and there straying into wreaths. The toilet stood between two immense windows, with draperies of rose-coloured silk. At either side of the table was a statue of a nymph, presenting a basket of fillagree gold, filled with all kinds of costly perfumes; and opposite was a deep recess, elevated by a few steps above the apartment, and with rich draperies, corresponding with those of the windows, hanging about it, to be dropped at pleasure, so as to form a luxurious boudoir. The room besides contained several fine paintings of the Italian school, the most conspicuous of which were the Graces attiring Venus, and Juno borrowing the cestus from her.

The work-room, furnished with whatever was requisite for fancy-works of all descriptions, was farther enriched with cabinets of gems, shells, and minerals, and likewise ornamented with some fine paintings.

The library was of an octagon form, something resembling an oratory. The books were arranged in deep Gothic niches, shut in by doors of wrought brass; hence a flight of steps led to the garden immediately attached to these apartments. A Gothic greenhouse enclosed it at one side, and on the other it was shut in by a thick shrubbery. None but the choicest flowers were cultivated here, and such as were admitted were chiefly reared on altars of green turf, disposed round a fountain in the centre, where a Naiad was represented leaning against an overturned urn. A pile of rocks, at the bottom of the garden, suggested the idea of a bath within them, on the plan of the caves constructed in former times in Greece for the

nymphs, when the idea of nympholepsy prevailed there, their deep excavations forming natural reservoirs for water; whilst a mysterious gloom pervaded each recess, and creeping plants and flowers were nourished all around by the irriguous soil; a narrow opening near the summit gave admission to the place, exactly opposite to which, on a tablet of the rock, was engraven—

Thrice happy they, who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
Beneath the whole collected shade recline,  
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
And fresh-bedew'd with ever-sporting streams,  
Sit coolly calm.

Hence a descent of narrow stairs led to a broad fountain, in a grotto of circular form, bedecked with shells and sparry icicles, and gloomily opening by a wide arch, hung with tendrils of ivy and other creeping plants, to a winding passage in the rocks, ending in a lower grotto, where the bath was constructed. Stars of purple and yellow glass, set in the roof, per-



mitted but a softened light to gain admission here; while the moisture of the place nourished all around the fountain a variety of aromatic plants. In one place was a group of statuary, representing the story of the three nymphs, Eunice, Malis, and Nycheia, becoming enamoured of the boy Hylas, while dipping his vase in the water; in another, Diana, with her attendants, reposing from the chase; while every cavity in the successive descents was filled with mould, and planted with herbs and flowers, in imitation of the gardens formed in such places for those they had been dedicated to. Winding stairs led up from the bath to a dressing-room, looking down upon a rocky defile, containing a rude hunting-lodge, filled with ancient implements of the chase.

While the rest of the party were looking about them with admiration, Rosalind was all astonishment and agitation at what she saw. In her former visit to the abbey, as she ran thoughtlessly about it, she had laughingly mentioned what, if she were

mistress of it, she would do ; and whatever she had then suggested, she now saw executed. Who was it that had done this—that had attended to her suggestions, adopted her plans, and embodied her ideas ? She was all wonder and perplexity ; strange surmises began to rise ; and hastily retreating to the house, she rushed through the various galleries leading to the apartment where hung the picture of the young knight resembling major Ancram, and dragging the housekeeper after her, demanded, as she pointed to it, whether that picture bore any resemblance to her lord ?

“ To my lord,” repeated the housekeeper, staring at her, as if with astonishment at the emotion she evinced.

“ Yes, to your lord ! to the earl of Dunamore !”

“ Oh dear, yes ! It is as like him as if it had been drawn for him.”

Rosalind wanted to hear no more : she released her arm, and in anguish of heart, in bitterness of spirit unutterable, turned

to a window. The truth flashed upon her mind: Ancram and the earl were one: through a generous wish to make amends for the injuries sustained by her family, he had adopted the idea of making her his, but, ere he revealed it, wished to know whether she were worthy of the distinction he meant to confer on her. The Woodburnes were the confidantes of his plan: through them he learned whither to follow her from Dunamore, and by them would have been introduced to her by his proper name, but for her own fault—but for his no longer, through the light in which she had made herself appear to him, feeling the wish that had actuated him to desire this introduction. Yes, it was through her own means he had relinquished his wish for it, and all idea of her; it was she herself that had marred the felicity that was planned for her; and what—what on earth could make her amends for the pain endured by the reflection? Yet might it not be possible to retrieve his esteem—to convince him

that what had so offended and displeased him, had merely been the effect of the thoughtlessness of a girlish heart, and not owing to any want of love or gratitude to those to whom love and gratitude were due? But of what consequence would this be now, entangled, engaged as she was to another, through her coquetry and ambition? Yes, her giving way to these had sealed her fate; but for her yielding to these, she might still have been happy—might still have regained all she had lost; and she could hardly suppress a groan of anguish at the thought. She glanced round the room: the housekeeper had left it, and the voices of the party sounded at a distance, and again she rushed to the contemplation—the dangerous contemplation of the picture resembling lord Dunamore. With what heightened admiration did she now gaze on it! and as she gazed on it, how did she wonder that it had not made her at once surmise the fact!

When she thought of what she had lost,

through not sooner ascertaining it, a feeling of resentment kindled in her bosom against the Woodburnes.—“But they did not imagine I required to be put upon my guard,” she cried. “No; if they had done so, they would never have wished to have introduced one so loved and valued as is lord Dunamore by them to me; and I—I alone am to blame myself in the affair!” she exclaimed aloud, in the passionate agony of her soul.

She suddenly paused, and the deepest suffusion of crimson flushed her cheek at the idea of having been overheard, through a slight movement she at the moment heard near her. The apartments extended in suites along the galleries; and determined to ascertain whether any one had been listening, she hastily flung open a door leading to one of these. But how impossible to paint her confusion, when, in the room into which it immediately opened, she beheld lord Dunamore reclined on a couch, with his face concealed by his arm as it rested on it!—“Oh, if he had heard her!

But no ; he did not move—he did not stir ; and in the persuasion of his being asleep, overcome by the sultry heat of the day, or the drowsy stillness of all around him, she presently, in a degree, recovered herself. For an instant she stood looking at him ; she then breathed a blessing on him ; and wafting him a kiss with her hand, softly withdrew, and closing the door, rejoined the party. But there was an end of any further pleasure for that day : one idea, one torturing reflection, solely occupied her mind : that she was miserable—miserable through her own means, and must remain so—remain so from the conviction that but for herself, without any sacrifice of her inclinations, all that pride, or vanity, or ambition, had ever sighed for, might have been hers. Yes, a union with lord Dunamore would have gratified every ambitious wish she ever formed ; and on this union how intent had he been ! what a tender—what an affecting proof of love—of the delight he took in the contemplation of it, had he

given her, in the even romantic attention he had paid to her suggestions !

Unable to converse—to participate in any degree in the enjoyments of the party, she kept aloof, as much as possible, from them. They dined and drank tea in the cottage already described, and after the latter, had a dance before it ; but refusing to join in this, Rosalind stole away, and seated herself on a rocky knoll at some distance, where, every now and then, the sound of music came mingling with the rush of the torrent below, and, despite of the feelings that oppressed her, she could not help gazing with admiration on the scene around her, than for the pencil a more enchanting one could not be conceived, with the purple shades of evening hanging on the brow of the mountains, and their darksome glens just rescued from obscurity by the gleaming of the torrents that dashed through them, and the contrasting brightness of the yet-illuminated sea.

The party at length broke up, and she

was summoned to rejoin them by the preparations she saw making for departing. The sun was by this time set behind the mountains, after pouring, for a moment, a flood of dazzling glory over the scene, and the cold grey hues of twilight gradually beginning to steal upon his track in the heavens. The repose of coming night already prevailed around : the birds that, all day long, by their incessant warblings, added to the cheerfulness of the scene, were now at rest, and the flocks folded in the quiet fields. It was an hour indeed calculated to sooth any mind that was not, like Rosalind's, torn by vain anguish and regrets.

She left the enchanting spot in a state of perturbation that made her wish to return immediately home ; but she had not now her fond mother with her, to indulge every whim and caprice.

Lady Dundrum could not think of foregoing the game of cards and pleasant supper that awaited the party at Mr. Marsden's, and Rosalind, much against



her inclination, was compelled to accompany her.

## CHAPTER X.

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THE day after her visit to the abbey terminated her suspense relative to lord Dunamore's intention of noticing her—as she was sitting by herself, she saw him riding up to the door; he inquired for her, was admitted, and, with a heart palpitating with emotion, she received him.

What she had surmised respecting him was right—through the representations of his mother relative to her family, her aunt, her father, an interest had been inspired for her, that created a romantic wish to make her a participator of the honours and wealth she had been unjustly deprived of. His mother had contrived to enter into a private correspondence with Mrs. Woodburne; and, in the course of time, availing him-

self of his being in the army to pay a stolen visit to Ireland, he found himself confirmed in this wish, which he confided to them, by the opportunities which the Woodburnes secretly afforded him of seeing Rosalind.

Aware of his grandfather having spies in the neighbourhood, he feared either introducing himself to colonel Glenmorlie, or affording him that efficient assistance he so ardently desired; what he could do with safety, however, he did; and those magnificent presents that Rosalind was continually receiving from the Woodburnes in reality came from him; so that Mr. Woodburne did not deceive colonel Glenmorlie, when he assured him that in making them Mrs. Woodburne did not act inconsistently with prudence.

The delight of the latter at the idea of an union between lord Dunamore and her favourite was unspeakable, and with difficulty could she observe the silence for a time requisite on the subject; but though she did contrive to maintain this, she could

not avoid, from time to time, giving hints of a favourite whom she yet wished to introduce to her, and whom Rosalind mistook for the relation of whom she had more explicitly spoken. Lord Dunamore, however, though he did not venture to make himself known to colonel Glenmorlie, ventured, through Mrs. Woodburne, to make himself known to some of the old domestics at the abbey, and there he took up his concealed abode; and there, overhearing what passed in the first visit of Rosalind to it, was hurried, by a sudden impulse of feeling, into the declaration that had nearly been the means of prematurely betraying him to her, and conceived the romantic idea of contriving a surprise for her, by the adoption of all the plans she had suggested.

At length he became completely his own master, and there was nothing, of course, to prevent the full disclosure of his sentiments; but ere he avowed them, he wished to have a more perfect knowledge of hers. As yet he knew nothing

of her, but through the report of friends—partial friends; and he wished to be assured she was indeed the lovely, the perfect, the intelligent being, she had been represented, ere he entirely committed himself. To do this—to enable himself to ascertain what he wished, he decided on introducing himself to her by a feigned name, lest in the first instance there should be any restraint—any studied caution or reserve; and accordingly, making him his confidant in the affair, borrowed that of a young Scotch kinsman, whom he greatly resembled in person and manner.

All went on well—nothing for a time occurred to induce a belief that she had been too partially represented by the Woodburnes, when her conduct respecting the letter of Mrs. Woodburne induced him to think they were indeed mistaken with regard to her; it evinced, in his opinion, a levity, an insincerity, an ingratitude, that made him shrink back from the avowal he had been on the point of making, with a determination not to bestow

another thought on it, except convinced, by a further knowledge of her disposition, he might do so without incurring the imputation of weakness or imprudence; yet hardly had he left the neighbourhood—hardly taken what he was uncertain might not be a final farewell of her, ere he began to think he had judged her too hastily, too rigidly, and to repent of his precipitancy. Yet how could he return, without either explaining himself, or appearing to trifle with her? and accordingly he compelled himself to proceed on his journey, yet not without a feeling of embarrassment at the idea of the meeting between him and the Woodburnes; for, prevented by generosity from being explicit with them, would they not ascribe what had occurred to some caprice or unsteadiness on his side? and the reflection pained him—the reverence and esteem in which he held them making him wish to retain their esteem.

His embarrassed manner, however, despite of him, betrayed what he wished to conceal. It was evident to the Wood-

burnes, that Rosalind was to blame—that it was owing to something that had displeased him in her manner or conduct, and not to any capricious change in his sentiments, that he had returned without the explanation he had intended to her; and indeed it was owing to an apprehension of this kind, that when away from those who had a right to remonstrate with or check her, she would be betrayed into some indiscretion, through the levity and coquetry which, with all her partiality, she was but too sensible she was inclined to, that made Mrs. Woodburne so unwilling she should leave Dunamore. She did not, however, attempt questioning lord Dunamore on the subject, both because she was confident it would be useless, and she could not bear to acknowledge to him she was conscious of their being any failing in her favourite. But though unknowing how he should finally decide regarding her, lord Dunamore could not avoid taking advantage of her absence from home to make an overture for the acquaintance

of her father—it was haughtily repulsed, as already stated; but though the circumstance pained lord Dunamore, he could not bring himself to resent it, considering, as he did, how much appearances made against him; unwillingness to have any additional odium thrown upon his grandfather having induced him to conceal that to his tyranny was owing his not having before made this overture.

He heard of the arrival of Rosalind at Covetown, and, in consequence, decided on shortening his own stay in the neighbourhood; but he had not the resolution to persevere in this decision, from what occurred at the abbey; taking refuge in the chamber adjoining the one where hung the picture said to resemble him, he unintentionally, as well as unsuspectedly, in consequence, became a witness of the violent emotion of Rosalind at the discovery she there made through this picture; and hurried away by the feelings the sight of it occasioned, would probably have rushed out to her feet, but for the consi-

deration due to her, the shock he was aware it must give her to find she had been overheard; and, influenced by which consideration, when, through a slight movement he made he had betrayed himself to her knowledge, he had recourse to the artifice already mentioned to spare her any pain or confusion. Some struggles ensued with himself, the result of which was, a positive determination, though he could not forbear seeing her again, to avoid the renewal of all particularity on his side, except convinced he might, without risking his happiness, avow the sentiments she had originally inspired.

“ Well,” he cried, as he advanced into the room where she was sitting, “ I once asked whether Miss Glenmorlie would condescend to let me claim acquaintance with her—I now solicit to know whether she will allow me the still greater honour of claiming relationship with her?”

“ I don’t know,” replied Rosalind, agitated almost to tears, yet trying, under playfulness of manner, to conceal this agi-

tation ; “ since, if there was any great anxiety about it, it would have been demanded before.”

“ Come, come,” said lord Dunamore, laughing, though somewhat confused, “ I see you are better-natured than you would have supposed ;” so kissing the hand he had taken, “ remember, from this moment, you are my sweet coz ;” and they seated themselves.

But into what conversation they might gradually have slid, we cannot pretend to say ; for ere they had time to speak above a few words, lady Dundrum came bursting into the room from one of her gadding visits. She had previously seen him, and this her personal knowledge of him being quite sufficient for her, without waiting for the ceremony of a formal introduction, she immediately addressed him, expressed her pleasure at seeing him where he was—her hope that Miss Glenmorlie’s being with her would be a means of inducing him often to repeat his visit ; and, after conversing with him for some time,

on a variety of topics, such as the difference between the bathing-places in England and Ireland, the amusements of Cove-town, and the sameness of those at Watterton, proceeded to inquire whether her young friend had been telling him of their recent visit to his residence—"That enchanting place," she cried, "with which we positively are all in love—where nature has left so little for art to do, and that little has been done with so much taste, and magnificence, and genius, by your lordship."

"You honour me by your approbation, madam," said lord Dunamore, but not without laughing at the extravagance of her compliments.

"Oh, my lord! no one of the smallest taste can deny you that; for my part, had I such a seat, I think I should never wish to go outside the gate.—Ay, you may smile, Miss Glenmorlie," which Rosalind certainly did, from knowing her unconquerable passion for gadding. "I certainly am not partial to retirement; but were

I mistress of such a seat as the abbey, I need never fear wanting visitors, from its manifold attractions."

"Well, should I ever take up my residence in it, I hope I shall find this to be the case," observed his lordship.

"Oh, my lord! don't fear that; when taste, and elegance, and hospitality, are blended, none need fear a want of visitors."

Lord Dunamore bowed to the compliment—it was the only way in which he could reply to it.

"But much as I admired every place I saw," resumed lady Dundrum, "there was nothing I was so particularly delighted with at the abbey, as the romantic bath, and that exquisite little suite of——"

Here a cough from Rosalind recalled her to recollection; and confounded by what she had been so near betraying, she stopped abruptly, coloured, stammered, and at last blundered out something of a part of the building quite distinct from that she had meant.

Lord Dunamore became grave; from

her his looks reverted to Rosalind, and his keenly-inquiring glance made her involuntarily decline hers. Not for worlds would she have had him suspect the discovery she had made at the abbey, and yet she feared his ascertaining it, by the embarrassment of her countenance. He remained thoughtful for a minute or two, evidently unconsciously twirling his watch-chain about; then abruptly rising, he took a cool leave, and departed.

The moment he was gone—"My Heavens, madam!" petulantly exclaimed Rosalind, "how could you be so inadvertent as to betray what you were so expressly cautioned against mentioning? There, I dare say you have occasioned the dismissal of the housekeeper."

"Oh Lord, child! no—no such thing! I am sure lord Dunamore is not that ill-natured kind of person to be so easily provoked—it would be unnatural for so young a man as he is to be so. Not but I am very sorry for what happened to escape me; but it was entirely from want of

thought, or rather from being hardly able, since I saw them, to think of any thing else but those delightful rooms, and that exquisite bath, with its garden, he had so secretly fitted up; they so much put me in mind of what has been said of Rosamond's bower, and the palace of Cupid for Psyche, and a thousand other romantic tales and traditions."

"I am sure I wish you had not seen them then, since they have made an impression so calculated to do mischief on your imagination."

"Lord, my dear! why will you persist in saying so? I am convinced, as I have already said, that lord Dunamore is not the kind of captious being you would have one imagine—his countenance gives me full assurance of that; so make your mind easy on that score; and tell me, don't you agree with me in thinking him a charming creature, and wondering how any woman on earth could possibly disappoint him? for, from what the housekeeper said, I think we may infer it was owing

to the lady the meditated marriage was broken off: how I should like to know all about it!"

"Pshaw!" cried Rosalind, peevishly, as she turned away to a window, "this curiosity about the affairs of other people must be a very tormenting thing."

"Lord, my dear! you don't seem in one of the best moods possible to-day; but staying within doors, as you have done to-day, is apt to make one fretful and splenetic; but to be sure you mean to come with me this evening to Mrs. Austin's?"

"Me, madam!" exclaimed Rosalind, contemptuously; "how could you possibly imagine such a thing? I am sure, if I was, what you have just been so kind as to tell me, fretful and splenetic, that is not a place in which I should recover my good-humour. The one evening I passed with you there has been quite sufficient for me; the lady of the house looking so deplorably mortified and miserable, because she could not make up one solitary card-table, from almost every one she had

invited sending excuses; and the son and daughter alternately fatiguing and distressing you, the one by straining her wits to try and keep up some conversation, and the other by his ghastly attempts at facetiousness."

"Well, my dear, for all that, the Austins are very respectable people; and it is very ill-natured of their acquaintance to make a point of refusing their invitations, because their parties are not quite as well attended or brilliant as others. They should recollect what they used to be; and indeed, I believe, between ourselves, but on account of their family, they would altogether relinquish having any, for their circumstances are very much altered."

"Perhaps so, madam," replied Rosalind, but in an accent of evident inattention to what she had been listening to; "and perhaps to that may be owing their parties being so stupid."

"Well, no matter, my dear; out of kindness I know you will come with me

this evening, that poor Mrs. Austin may be as little disappointed as possible; for indeed I am afraid she is destined to be again inundated with excuses, most of those she has invited meaning to reserve themselves for the grand affair of Mrs. Grady to-morrow evening. Were they indeed sure of meeting lord Dunamore—for he also, I understand, has been invited—but, of course, his going to such a party is out of the question.”

“ Oh, assuredly !” asserted Rosalind, with a smile of derision; “ and notwithstanding your eloquence, my dear madam, I am sorry to be constrained to tell you, that in the number of the expected excuses, mine must be included; for really I could not think of inflicting on myself the penance of going to another of poor unfortunate Mrs. Austin’s neglected parties.”

Not entirely out of contempt did she now refuse doing so, but partly from a hope that by remaining at home she might have a chance of seeing lord Dunamore again in the course of the evening, in the

walk she meditated. The walk was taken, but in this hope she was disappointed; and after wandering about till she had absolutely fatigued herself, she returned home out of spirits and out of humour, vexed, perplexed, and tormented by a variety of unpleasant reflections, the least painful of which was certainly not the cruel manner in which she had allowed herself to speak of the Austins—the utter forgetfulness of her own recent situation, which her apparent want of feeling for them evinced—for this implied want she could have abhorred herself at the moment; she thought of her recent sneers with absolute detestation of herself for them, and felt that till she had done something to make amends for her conduct in this instance, she could not be reconciled to herself.

“ Well, madam, I hope you had a pleasant evening?” was her first inquiry, on meeting lady Dundrum the next morning at breakfast.

“ Why, yes, my dear, it did turn out

a very pleasant one indeed, though at first there was no great hope of that; for, as on the evening you were there, poor Mrs. Austin, owing to the number of excuses she got, was unable to make up even one table, there being but three whist-players in the room; and there we sat, stupidly looking at one another, yet each trying to look pleased and happy, in order not to add to her too-evident mortification, when in came lord Dunamore."

Rosalind started—"Lord Dunamore!"

"Yes, my dear; and then the scene became changed indeed—he directly made up the fourth hand we wanted; and then he played rubber after rubber, without ever appearing tired, though in his partner, old Mrs. Nesbit, he had one of the most disagreeable partners in creation, till doctor Sheppard came in to relieve him; and then he joined the young people, who had been vainly trying before to make up a set for a quadrille; and there he exerted himself quite as much for their amusement as he had before done for ours;

and at supper he was quite the life of the party—laughing, and chatting, and singing, and paying attention to every one, and telling a thousand entertaining anecdotes. Really, if I had not been in love with him before, I should have lost my heart then to him.”

“ I don’t wonder at it,” said Rosalind ; “ it certainly was very amiable of him to act in such a manner ;” and a sigh escaped her at the contrast she involuntarily drew between him and herself. “ Yet perhaps he might have had some secret inducement for going—Did he not look as if he expected—that is, I mean, did he not look in any way as if he was disappointed ?”

“ No, not in the least ; if he met with any thing to disappoint him, he kept it to himself, as politeness required. Nothing could be more perfectly good-humoured ; and by his apparent enjoyment of her party, quite reconciled poor Mrs. Austin to it ; and if I am not much mistaken in

what I overheard, gave a pleasant fillip to the spirits of the captain, by the hopes he inspired of doing something for his son. It would be a glorious act for him to rescue the poor lad from the pining life he is leading at home, owing to his father's inability to make any exertion for him."

"An act, I am confident, he is capable of," replied Rosalind, with warmth; "wealth, in his hands, will, I am sure, prove a source of happiness to thousands. But did he not," hesitating a little, "ask for me?"

"Oh, yes! almost immediately after entering the room."

"Well," a little anxiously, "and what did you say?"

"I said you had a very bad headache, which prevented your coming."

"You are sure you did not betray the real reason?"

"I! do you think I would do what might have made you appear ill-natured? No, no, my dear, let me alone for know-

ing when to be silent; none of my friends or acquaintance shall ever have to accuse me of want of discretion."

"As, to wit, this morning," Rosalind was on the point of laughingly adding, but timely checked herself, from not being in a humour, at the moment, to wish to vex her; "and well, I suppose," she said, "after going to Mrs. Austin's, there can be no doubt of his being at Mrs. Grady's this evening?"

"Oh! not the slightest—there will really be some inducement for going there, besides good-nature; for her parties are the most stylish in the place—every one makes a point of going to them."

"And yet I understand she is not a woman much liked."

"Oh, Lord! how should she, without any thing amiable or interesting about her? but she gives superb entertainments, and that is quite sufficient to get her rooms filled."

"A proof we need not value ourselves much upon collecting a fashionable crew

about us. However, I must not be very severe in my animadversions on the lady, as I rather think I shall make one of her party myself this evening."

"To be sure, my dear—why not? upon my word! if you continued to mope at home, I should beg a cell in the abbey from lord Dunamore for you; for there, as the poet says, you would have room for meditation even to madness."

Certain of meeting lord Dunamore in the evening, Rosalind omitted nothing that could improve her appearance; and, attired in white silk, with flounces of rich blond, and a coronet of pale flowers on her dark hair, certainly did leave her toilet perfectly satisfied with herself.

But though all was serene on leaving the dressing-room, there had well nigh been a little hurricane afterwards. Rosalind wanted to delay going, till certain of the rooms being full; lady Dundrum, on the contrary, wanted to go the moment they were ready, lest the loo-table should be filled up, and cassino and whist she de-

tested—there was so much scolding at one, and cheating at the other; and, in short, she got so fidgetty and teasing, not to say peevish, that Rosalind was at last obliged to give way to her.

But the good-humour this had discomposed was pretty well restored by finding the rooms tolerably crowded ere they reached the house, which, midway between Waterton and Covetown, was filled with fashionables from both, as well as the officers belonging to a regiment quartered in the former; and in flirting with these, Rosalind sought to amuse herself till lord Dunamore came, the mawkish country Misses, ranged round the rooms like so many automatons, as if just capable of simpering at one another, and making a fashionable bend, being her utter aversion, as were also the beaux belonging to the place, with their pertness and priggishness: but, by degrees, those she chose to honour with her notice were called off to actual service, at the different card-tables, by the lady of

the house, and she would have been at a loss for some one to converse with, but for suddenly espying pretty, gentle, little Miss Austin, sitting in a corner by herself, as much neglected as if she had been an intruder, instead of an invited guest. Rosalind immediately joined her; and after a little chat, drawing her arm under hers, they proceeded to promenade the rooms again; but in vain Rosalind looked and watched for lord Dunamore; and at length, to her unutterable vexation, she understood he had sent an excuse.

“What a pleasant evening we spent!” said lady Dundrum, as they were returning home.

“We!” repeated Rosalind, emphatically.

“Why yes, my dear, did not you?”

“Any thing but that,” answered Rosalind, still dwelling on the disappointment she had experienced in not meeting lord Dunamore.

“Really! well, I am sorry for that, though I am sure I don’t know how it was

you did not ; for there was every thing to render it agreeable—beaux, and belles, and cards, and dancing ; for my part, I would never wish to pass a pleasanter one—I won seven guineas at the loo-table.”

“ Oh ! that accounts then,” satirically observed Rosalind, “ for your finding it so pleasant.”

“ Well, my dear, I do not deny being better pleased to win than lose.”

“ To be sure, that is very natural ; and, Heaven knows, you earned what you got to-night, pinned as you were, for so many hours, to a card-table, with every sense and faculty apparently in suspension. I observed your party sometimes ; and really you all put me in mind of so many zoophytes—there being nothing to decide whether you belonged to the animate or inanimate part of the creation, but now and then a sigh or a gasp when Pam, or the black ace, eluded your grasp.”

“ Ah, well ! only wait a little, my dear ; you will then find the comfort of cards.”

“ I have not the presumption,” rejoined Rosalind, “ to rail against what so many, infinitely superior to me, I am sensible, in every respect, sanction, by seeking amusement from ; I only contend it is odious to see every sense apparently absorbed by them, as if it was for something more than amusement people sat down to play.”

Lady Dundrum laughed significantly, but said nothing ; and Rosalind, having vented her spleen a little by this philippic against her favourite amusement, let the conversation drop ; but how was her vexation renewed, when, on entering the house, she learnt that lord Dunamore had been there, with an intention of passing an hour or two with her, under the supposition of her not being sufficiently recovered, from what he had heard the preceding evening, to go out.

“ And what an evening have I lost !” was her internal exclamation on receiving this information ; “ and what should have tempted me to go to the odious party I

have been at, had I known I might have expected him here !”

The next morning, at breakfast, a card was received from him, inviting her and lady Dundrum to a dinner party the commencement of the ensuing week. Lady Dundrum accepted the invitation with ecstasy; and the moment breakfast was over, hurried out, at once to announce it, and try and learn who had been invited to meet them.

Rosalind had not been long left by herself, when she also put on her bonnet for a stroll. She had not got far from the house, when she encountered lord Dunamore.—“ Happily met,” cried he; “ that is, if you allow me to be your escort wherever you were going.”

“ I was merely going to take an idle stroll,” replied Rosalind.

“ Which to me is extremely delightful,” said he; “ so permit me;” and as he spoke, he drew her hand under his arm; “ and now which way shall we bend our steps?”

“ Oh, as chance directs ! the place is so romantic, that you could scarcely go anywhere you would not find the walk a pleasant one.”

“ And assuredly with such a companion,” looking laughingly at her.

“ Oh, that of course ! you could not possibly have avoided saying so.”

“ How do you know ? what if I was not in the habit of saying what I do not think ?”

“ Pooh ! that is all nonsense :—if we could believe that indeed !”

“ Well, what then ?”

“ Why then your compliments would be considered more flattering ; but I don’t know why you should have greater credit given you for sincerity than other people.”

“ Well, when I set about convincing you of my sincerity, I shall not rest till I have succeeded ; but to let that rest for the present—did you hear of my calling on you last evening ?”

“ Yes ; but instead of calling on me, I

fully expected, from your having been at Mrs. Austin's the night before, that you would have been at Mrs. Grady's."

"Oh! in one place I was wanted, but in the other I could be spared; besides, the idea of your not going afforded me the hope of passing so much more a delightful evening than I could possibly at that lady's party, that I could not possibly prevail on myself not to send an excuse."

Rosalind blushed with pleasure, and how ecstatic would have been her feelings at this avowal, but for the torturing recollection that occurred at the instant! The agony it imparted contracted her brow, and compelled her for a moment to turn aside her head to conceal it. Alarmed then at the idea of the conversation assuming a greater particularity, she exerted herself to give a turn to it.

On returning home he sat some time with her; when he rose to depart—"Well," said Rosalind, laughing, "to make you amends for the terrible disappointment of last night, if you don't know what to do

with yourself this evening, you will find us at home."

"Then expect me," he replied; "and now," kissing her hand, "adieu! with a thousand thanks for the delightful morning you allowed me to pass."

"Delightful!" Rosalind repeated to herself; and did he think so because it was passed in her company? What flattering, what delicious hopes would this have awakened—his looks, his manner, the emotion evinced by both the morning he called on her—but for the terrible entanglement in which she had involved herself!

She was musing on this in bitterness of spirit, when lady Dundrum burst in upon her, with the news she had been collecting in her gossiping calls—"Well, my dear," she cried, as she threw herself upon a chair, "we shall have a delightful party at the abbey."

"My dear madam," a little peevishly interrupted Rosalind, "I have not the least wish to know; it half destroys the pleasure of a party to know beforehand

who is to be at it. I wanted to tell you I have asked some one to drink tea with you this evening."

"Really! and who, pray?"

"Lord Dunamore."

"Lord Dunamore! Well, really, I am quite delighted, and so glad that you told me before I threw off my bonnet and shawl, that I may try and make up a party for him. I know the Austins are disengaged, and I think I shall be able to secure old Mrs. Nesbit and doctor Sheppard."

"No, no, my dear madam!" cried Rosalind, attempting to stop her, "lord Dunamore is not, by any means, so fond of cards as you seem to imagine. I know—that is, I am almost persuaded, he would rather pass the evening with us in conversation."

"Pshaw! how stupid, my dear! No, no—I will do as I said," and away she sallied, and, to the extreme chagrin of Rosalind, succeeded as she wished.

Lord Dunamore was the last of the
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party in coming, and Rosalind could not avoid thinking that he was disappointed in finding one there. He had too much command over himself, however, to evince any positive vexation; but this was not the case with Rosalind, and, but for the Austins, she probably would have shewed what she felt at the positiveness of lady Dundrum; but she was actually beginning to like this family, and, independent of this, there were considerations that made her wish to avoid any thing that might appear slighting to them.

Lord Dunamore was now her constant attendant—the companion of her walks, and her escort to the different parties in the place; and to what could this be owing, but a revival of the sentiments he had at first experienced for her? Her own for him were daily becoming more ardent—more impassioned; in vain reflection pointed out the risk she was running, by encouraging such feelings—there was something too delicious in them, answered, as she believed they were, by corresponding

ones in his bosom, to permit her to have resolution to resist them, more especially as she flattered herself she should be able to overcome them, whenever the moment actually arrived for rendering that necessary.

If for a time led to misjudge her through her own fault, he had tried to think of her without interest, that time was now over. She saw that it was, in a thousand nameless instances—in the sparkling glance of his eye, whenever encountering hers—in the fond familiarity of his smiles—in his constant assiduities and attentions; and she revelled, or rather would have revelled, in the thought of being so dear to his heart, but for the reflection—the torturing reflection, of her engagement to another. Haunted perpetually by this, her manner, her conversation, often became involuntarily constrained towards him.

Nor was this her only cause of unhappiness—the light in which she allowed her father to be considered by him, was an un-

ceasing cause of reproach. Fearful of their becoming acquainted, lest her engagement should be revealed to him, and thus an end put to those attentions that were so delightful to her, even sooner than was requisite, she permitted him to think that the prejudice to which he justly imputed the repulse he had already experienced from her father was invincible; and the injustice she was guilty of, in permitting him to think so, aware, as she was, that a candid statement to her father of what had occurred since her arrival at Covetown, would at once have overcome every resentful and indignant feeling, and induced him eagerly to seek what he had before coldly and haughtily repulsed, preyed continually on her mind, exciting at once remorse and apprehension.

Thought was too painful to be endured, and she accordingly fled from it as much as possible; but it was not always to be avoided; and little could those who saw her in her moments of forced gaiety have

suspected the pangs that too often tortured her in private.

CHAPTER XI.

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THE party at the abbey was numerous and fashionable; the officers belonging to the regiment at Waterton were included in it, and the band attended in the evening for dancing. Rosalind saw herself the object of general attention, and the circumstance did not fail to give an excitement to her spirits that rendered her extremely brilliant. To complete her triumph, however, it was requisite that her influence over lord Dunamore should be perceived; but how was this to be accomplished—how should she contrive to render this visible? for, tender as were his attentions, they were still, in general, of that calm, unobtrusive, unostentatious description, that might escape observation, except par-

ticularly directed to them; she knew no other method than by occasioning him some emotion, nor no means of doing this but by entering into a flirtation with another.

Amongst the officers was a major Balfour, who had previously paid her much attention, and on him she fixed, to try what a little coquetry would do. He was just handsome enough for the use she wanted to make of him—that of creating jealousy in the heart of another; and after appearing to be wholly engaged with him for some time, she suddenly suffered her eyes to roll round with a vacant look, and felt her heart flutter with delight at finding lord Dunamore was intently observing her. This was all she required to persevere in her plan; and ere she left the dinner-table, at which this sudden flirtation had commenced, she was set down by most of the company as either a great coquette, or else very much disposed to give serious encouragement to the handsome Balfour.

The gentleman, very much inclined to

be of this latter opinion himself, joined her the moment he returned to the drawing-room, and again they appeared to be quite engrossed by one another. The stimulus requisite to make Rosalind persevere in her coquetry was not wanting—she saw lord Dunamore was hovering about the seat she occupied, with a flush on his cheek that denoted internal agitation; and elated at having succeeded in occasioning him some emotion, she determined to persevere in doing all in her power to render it more visible.

There was a good deal of playing and singing before dancing commenced, and she was at length asked to take her station at the harp. She hesitated—saw lord Dunamore was in reality attending to her without appearing to do so, and—“No, really,” she cried, “I don’t think I shall play to-night—dancing will be quite a sufficient exertion.”

“Nay, let me entreat,” said major Balfour, with the air of a man who was satisfied he should not be refused; “I shall

be quite *au désespoir* if one song is not granted."

"Well, rather than that," and she rose, and carelessly passing her hand under his arm, suffered him to lead her to the instrument.—"Well, now that I am here to oblige you," she cried, and she laid an emphasis on the latter word, "what shall I play?"

"Oh! something that breathes of passion," he replied, in a languishing tone.

She laughed, and was running her fingers over the chords, when one of her bracelets fell off; lord Dunamore and he both stooped for it at the same instant, but his lordship was the person who took it up. He offered to put it on: for a moment Rosalind did not pretend to notice him.—"Oh, no!" she then cried, "I wont trouble you;" and taking it from him—"Here, major Balfour," she said, "I believe you are more *au fait* in these matters than his lordship," putting out, as she spoke, her white hand to him.

He eagerly seized it, rapturously press-

ed it to his lips, and then dropping on one knee, put on the bracelet.

“Pish! this is really being quite too adoring!” said Rosalind; and forcing away her hand, she looked to see what effect this had upon lord Dunamore; but he was gone; and in dismay and apprehension of his having left her through disgust and contempt, she precipitately quitted the instrument, and walked to another part of the room.

Yet why this alarm—this disquietude? Had she not purposely laid herself out to make him uneasy? and was not the abrupt manner in which he had withdrawn from her side a proof of having succeeded in the effort? If she could be but sure she had only inspired a feeling of jealousy, no scorn, no contempt! Almost unconsciously she proceeded to seek for him; but what was her mortification, her disappointment, instead of finding him thoughtful, abstracted, discomposed, to find him in the next room, apparently free from agi-

tation—no indication of it either in his looks or manner, gaily laughing and chatting with the party there!

Was he then utterly indifferent about her conduct? had vanity misled her? Pride, self-love, were wounded even to agony by the supposition: or did he think a woman capable of the conduct she had practised unworthy of feeling any uneasiness about? oh, yes! that must be the case; for he certainly had appeared discomposed at first by her coquetry with major Balfour; and his so quickly recovering himself was, doubtless, owing to the contempt that coquetry had inspired: instead, therefore, of awakening still more powerful emotions in his mind, she had probably destroyed whatever interest she had previously excited, and—"Fool, fool!" she internally exclaimed, "to suppose a character like his was to be moved by her artifices—affected by what he must despise."

In the bitterness of this reflection, she not only peremptorily, but even petulantly, re-



fused dancing with major Balfour, to his utter astonishment, after what had passed, and was retreating to the set that was now forming in the next room, when she caught a glance of such meaning—such comprehensive meaning, from lord Dunamore — of such mingled reproach, and surprise, and tender upbraiding, as in a moment revived her hopes and dispelled her despair. Her hopes! and what hopes could she form that must not be at the expence of his happiness? If she had succeeded, or did succeed, in inspiring him with an attachment to her, must she not have to accuse herself of disturbing the happy equanimity of his mind—of the tranquillity, the repose, of that generous heart, that so delighted in promoting the felicity of others? She could have smote her breast at the thought—she could have bid him fly from her with scorn and detestation; had he joined her at the moment, she could have wept to agony.—“ But of what avail my tears?” she cried to herself; “ thus it is that I am continually

erring and repenting. How is it, that, aware as I am of what I suffer when obliged to condemn myself, I am continually incurring self-condemnation? How is it, but by not knowing how to maintain a proper command over myself—by allowing my feelings and passions, on the smallest provocation or excitement, to gain domination over me? and so well taught, so instructed, so remonstrated with on the subject, as I have been by the best of mothers—the most excellent of women! But I will amend when——alas!” and she sighed deeply, “when I have no longer any happiness to lose.”

On lady Dundrum's retiring, he attended her to the carriage; Rosalind followed, but apparently not noticed by him. Having handed her ladyship in, he was retreating into the house, when Rosalind laid her hand on his arm—“So this is the way you are serving me?” she cried.

He coloured and looked confused.—“I thought major Balfour was attending you,” he said.

“No, you may perceive he is not.”

“Oh! then, of course, I shall have the pleasure of handing you into the carriage.”

“And is it only,” with a little archness; “because there is no one else here to do so?”

Lord Dunamore looked earnestly at her for a moment—“Where we imagine we have power, let us not make an ungenerous use of it,” he cried; “adieu!” kissing his hand as he retreated from the carriage, “and dream of what I have said.”

Dream! she did indeed dream of it—dwell on it—repeat it a thousand times. Power! had he acknowledged she had power over his feelings?—“But of what avail to know!” was the anguished exclamation her recollected engagement excited; but she would fly for the present from this recollection—she would be happy while she could: in the few remaining weeks she had to stay where she was, she would concentrate all that might have been the happiness of years; and when she

returned home, then, in sober sadness, sit down to regulate her feelings.

But she could not adhere to this resolve—the next morning brought a letter, forwarded from home, from lord Orielson. She received it with a recoiling sensation, and hastening to her chamber, flung it passionately from her. Yet could she treat the letter of lord Orielson with this contempt—he with whom her future days were to be passed—whom she would be bound to reverence and honour? She again took it up, and, with a hand rendered nervous by agitation, broke the seal. Tender, affectionate, indicative of the most sincere attachment, with mingled anguish and remorse did she think of an engagement where so much was due, whilst so little was felt. Her feelings were not passively to be endured; and putting on her bonnet, she hastily left the house, taking a direction in which she thought there was but little chance of her encountering any one she wished to avoid.

She had not gone far, however, when she met Miss Austin, and whom, after conversing a few minutes with, she asked to walk on with her, glad, after all, to meet with some one—so insupportable were her reflections.

Miss Austin excused herself, however, but with evident reluctance, on the plea of being obliged to hasten home—"Where we are now all bustle and hurry," she said, "preparing for the departure of my brother, who, perhaps you know, through the kindness of lord Dunamore, is getting an appointment in India."

"Not exactly," replied Rosalind, "but I am now happy to learn it."

"But this is not all," continued the full-hearted girl, with a gush of grateful tears; "lord Dunamore is not only getting him this appointment, but to you, Miss Glenmorlie, I am sure I may disclose the fact, without any risk of humiliation, but has undertaken doing all that is requisite on the occasion; thus adding kindness to kindness, and obligation to obligation. Through

the most untoward circumstances, my poor father was suddenly deprived of the power of doing any thing for his family, and his anxiety in consequence may easily be conceived; but from this he is now relieved—the heavy weight that hung upon his heart is removed from it; and, oh!” she added, with all the enthusiasm of ardent and youthful gratitude, “may the generous being who has been the means of relieving him from it be as happy in this life as he must be in the next, for his benevolence! If in any fond wish he has been disappointed, may he speedily and fully be compensated for this disappointment! In short, may every blessing this life can bestow be his! Never can I breathe a prayer for myself; without also offering up one for him, his preservation and happiness. But I am not the only person who has reason to bless and embalm his name with tears of gratitude—you know not the good he has done since his coming into the neighbourhood; for, like the silent dews of heaven, his secret bounty largely

flows, and brings unasked relief. But I must bid you adieu, my dear Miss Glenmorlie; I am not only expected back immediately, but now that we are so soon to lose poor Henry——” Her lip quivered—the feelings of the sister overcame her; and wringing the hand of Rosalind, with a tearful smile, she bounded off.

Rosalind was affected even to tears by what she had been listening to. While indulging them, she heard some one approaching, and hastily uncovering her face, beheld lord Dunamore. Agitated by so unexpectedly beholding him, she started up from the grassy bank on which she had seated herself, without making an effort to conceal the tears that bedewed her cheek.

Lord Dunamore looked grave and reserved; but at sight of these tears the distance of his manner vanished, and—“Good God!” he exclaimed, “no ill news, I hope, from home?”

“No, thank Heaven! the pang that would inflict is at least spared me.”

“ You relieve me by saying so, for I was afraid, from your tears, the reverse was the case.”

“ No, nor are they immediately proceeding from any other painful cause—on the contrary, ‘rather from pleasure.’”

“ I rejoice to hear it, and would add—might they never flow from any other cause! but that life will not permit of such an expectation ; and a wish we cannot rationally look to being fulfilled, it is absurd to utter ; all that I shall therefore say is, that I hope you may be destined to shed as few from any other as mortals in general are !”

Rosalind bowed—“ My doubting the fulfilment of the wish cannot prevent my being grateful for it,” she said.

“ Doubting it !” repeated lord Dunamore ; “ and why should you doubt it ? Life is opening to you with fair and brilliant prospects.”

“ Perhaps so ; but, like Juliet, perhaps I have an ill-divining spirit. But to speak of something else—perhaps I shall sur-



prise you when I tell you that you have been the real cause of my recent tears."

"I!" exclaimed lord Dunamore; "you do indeed surprise me by the assertion; and pray may I inquire how?"

"By the kind and benevolent action you have just performed—in short, by your generosity to the Austins. Nay, do not blush to hear it has been mentioned. Oh! you know not the eloquence—the pathetic eloquence it imparted to the language of a sister, or how impossible it was to resist the effect of that eloquence upon the feelings! But why, if we do not strive to suppress our indignation at an act of cruelty or baseness, should we hesitate to yield to the sensations excited by one of benevolence? I know you will disclaim all praise on this occasion—I know you will tell me, that in doing what you have done, blessed as you are with the power of gratifying every generous impulse, you have but performed your duty; and I allow this. But still this will not permit my giving utterance to what I think on the

occasion; for when we behold the wretched and forlorn, so often slighted as they are by the great and the affluent, how can we withhold the tribute of esteem and admiration from him," and she involuntarily laid her hand upon the arm of lord Dunamore as she spoke, "who so nobly proves himself worthy of the kindness of a benign Providence!"

"You affect me," said lord Dunamore, in a tone indicative of strong emotion; "but sweet is praise from the lips of those we love; yet, whilst I lay the flattering unction to my heart, permit me to repeat what you have already said for me, that in doing what you approve, I have not merely performed a duty, but an imperative one, since, notwithstanding what I now am, there was once a chance my situation in life might have been different; and this reflection certainly gives all who are unhappy a claim to my sympathy and consideration. But," he added, taking the hand that rested on his arm between his, and pressing it to his lips, while his coun-

tenance assumed an expression of the tenderest, liveliest, fondest admiration, "how sweetly must she who thus appreciates an act of kindness, perform one herself, when occasion offers!"

Rosalind began to tremble with agitation; his looks—the softness of his tones, made her fear that a dreaded eclairsissement was approaching; and rather than see any tendency to which, she would have preferred his retaining the cold repelling air he had worn on first joining her.

As a means of preventing what she dreaded, she proposed returning home. Lord Dunamore playfully tried to prevent her; but in vain—the letter of that morning had recalled her to a proper sense of her situation: she saw she could no longer persevere in her recent conduct, without trifling with all that ought to be precious to her; in a word, that she had advanced to the very verge of danger, and that nothing remained for her, but to make a retrograde movement as fast as possible,

if she wished to prevent the utter destruction of her peace.

She had hoped to have found lady Dundrum at home by the time she got back, but she was disappointed; and dreading a protracted *tête-à-tête* with lord Dunamore, she could have railed against her at the moment for this incessant love of gadding.

As with a feeling of embarrassment she advanced into the room, she saw a billet on the table, addressed to her from major Balfour, begging her acceptance of a beautiful bouquet of greenhouse plants that had accompanied it. Scarcely allowing herself to read it, she flung it, together with the bouquet, away, and—"Coxcomb!" she exclaimed, "if he teazes me, I shall certainly leave this to avoid him."

"But might he not be checked without being absolutely shunned?" demanded lord Dunamore, a little archly; "I have heard such things were possible; and since you have set my mind at rest about him, I should indeed grieve that you quitted this abruptly."

“ Oh ! complaisance obliges you to say so ; but when once gone, you would soon cease to lament the circumstance.”

“ Then you think me more insensible than I really am.”

“ Oh, no ! only like other men of the world—saying things without meaning.”

“ But suppose I am not, according to your acceptation of the term, exactly a man of the world ?”

“ Well, perhaps not, only just sufficiently so to deem a little commonplace gallantry no harm.”

“ And you accuse me of this to you ? Do you remember, the other day, my telling you, on something of a similar charge, that that was not the moment for asserting my sincerity ? But it is now come ; yet can I believe it doubted—that you, so discerning, could remain utterly ignorant of the sentiments you had inspired ? No, I will not so discredit your penetration, or my own feelings, as to admit such a belief. Yes, I see—by that averted eye, that kindling blush, I should err to do so ;

but to put the matter beyond all further doubt, thus," catching her to his bosom, and straining her to it with passionate fondness, "let me claim you as my own, my destined bride!"

This was the moment that Rosalind had dreaded—the moment she wished to have warded off for ever, anxious as she was to save lord Dunamore from the humiliation of a rejection, where he had such reason to be sure of, and think himself entitled to acceptance; and her confusion and her distress were indescribable. She struggled to disengage herself from his arms—engaged to, almost the wife of another; and yet to find herself enfolded in his embrace—to feel the tumultuous throbings of his heart against her bosom! She burst, with sudden agony, from him, and throwing herself, panting, on a chair—"Lord Dunamore!" she cried, "how have you presumed to treat me in this manner?"

He looked astounded—"Presumed!" he repeated.

“ Yes! presumed,” laying hold, in despair, of his conduct, to furnish herself with something of a plausible pretext for what she was enforced to. “ I know not what there has been in my manner, in my conduct, to provoke,” and she sobbed hysterically, “ the freedom you have taken; but throughout this whole affair I have been ill-used—treated as a person whom it was only requisite for you to make up your mind about, to be sure of having.”

“ Good God! you hurt—you astonish me by this ungenerous accusation!” cried lord Dunamore. “ How I have merited it, I am utterly unconscious; if, however, I have unwittingly offended, pardon what was not intended, nor suppose me capable of wilfully offending any one, much less her whom I wish to make my wife.”

“ Your wife! oh, no, no!” in accents of bitterness she exclaimed; “ you, so cool, so considerate—oh, no, no! you could never seriously think of a person for your wife you knew so little about.”

“ But how do you know that is the case with regard to you ?” said lord Dunamore, recovering from his discomposure, and a fond smile again brightening his countenance ; “ longer than she is aware of have I known my Rosalind, not merely by description, but sight. Her friends, the Woodburnes——But need I enter into particulars? does she not at once surmise the fact? They made me acquainted with her—they gave me opportunities of seeing—of listening to her; but not only there did I see her, or listen to her—she cannot have forgot the day, the encouraging day, she passed at the abbey, when she said, ‘ The lord of the place should come over, and——’ And he had come over, and seen her, and admired her, and felt, that in prevailing on her to unite her fate with his, he should indeed render himself happy; and this he now asks her to do—asks her in full confidence of being able to prove to her that he deserves no suspicion of the kind she has just uttered.”

“ No, no!” exclaimed Rosalind, shrink-



ing back, “ I cannot ; and even if I could ——” and she paused, not knowing what she was saying—what she would say.

“ Nay, if you allude to your father, cried lord Dunamore, “ the explanation I have to give will, I am convinced, remove every prejudice from his mind ; or if you hesitate only because you think presumption has mingled in my hopes, does this look like presumption, like confidence, unworthy of either of us, thus,” and he knelt at her feet, “ to solicit the hand of Rosalind, and declare that my happiness depends on its being granted ?”

Rosalind, for a moment, gazed on him with passionate tenderness ; then covering her face with her hands, she again shrunk back, and motioned him to rise : but, oh ! the agony—the struggle of rejecting a heart so devoted to her ! Her resolution faltered ; but the stern rage of her father—the vengeance of an injured lover, should she falsify her engagement, were too appalling to her mind not to reconfirm it ;

and finding him about pleading still more passionately for himself, she started up, and retreated towards the door.

At this lord Dunamore suddenly stopped, and the expression of his countenance altered.—“From what I now see, I perceive, madam,” he cried, “that further importunity would be persecution, and shall accordingly desist from it; but ere I take my leave, permit me to say that I grieve I have so long obtruded on you—that I did not sooner allow myself to comprehend your real sentiments;” then slightly and distantly bowing, he departed.

Rosalind flew to the window to gaze after him, as at her last gleam of departing happiness; and so their acquaintance, their friendship, had ended; and henceforth they should be as nothing to one another in the creation; but while life remained, she felt her heart could never be estranged from him.—“My sentiments!” she exclaimed, as despairingly she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, “oh! how little in reality are they comprehended by him!

how little does he surmise the wild anarchy, the sorrow, the confusion, he has excited in my breast !”

Were those feelings endurable?—was it requisite she should doom herself to unhappiness?—might she not venture to throw herself upon the kindness and compassion of her parents, and confess the truth? But no—her mother indeed might pity, and be inclined to listen to her plea; but her father, stern, inflexible, unrelenting, in whatever honour was concerned, would he not spurn her from his feet, or trample her beneath them, at the bare suggestion of her wishing to break an engagement she was bound by so many ties to adhere to? and, cast from his regard, pursued by the reproaches of an injured lover, would lord Dunamore, the noble, the generous, the dignified Dunamore, receive her to his bosom? Idle hope! How would he shrink from an union where no confidence could be placed! for what proof of steady affection for him could be deduced from her conduct, receiving, as she had

done, while yet his idea was impressed on his imagination, the addresses of another? Oh! when he came to discover this—when he came to discover that at the very moment when she was alluring him to the humiliation of being rejected by her, she was not at liberty to receive his vows, what would he—what must he think of her?—“ Oh! never after that let me behold him again!” she cried; “never encounter his indignant glance, his contemptuous smile—never behold him again;” and could she bear to think she should never more behold him? and with these regrets was she to become the bride of another—of one so entitled to the fondest love—so entitled to it by his own merits, and the disinterested generosity of his attachment?

The wrong she did him by the sentiments she harboured—the ingratitude, the disrespect she had been guilty of towards him, now struck full upon her mind; and in agony—the agony of self-condemnation, self-upbraiding, she wrung her hands, and

—“ Oh, unworthy of either !” she cried, as in frantic distress she paced the room, “ unworthy alike of him I have rejected, and him I have accepted ! Did they know what I do, little would be the regret of either for losing me—little the danger of any rivalry between them, for one they must then despise.”

In this state of agitation she was surprised by lady Dundrum. In extreme confusion, she instantly retreated to a window, and leaning against it, pretended to be engaged by something without, in order to have a pretext for avoiding her looks.—“ So, still at home !” cried her ladyship : “ well, upon my word, my dear, you mope a great deal too much ; and this is such a charming day ! But that is true—did you see any thing of lord Dunamore this morning ? for I just met him, and it is very odd he merely passed me with a bow, and looked as if there was something disturbing him.”

“ Very likely,” said Rosalind ; “ there

are few people, I believe," and she spoke with difficulty, "but who meet occasionally, let their station in life be what it may, with something to disturb them."

"Very true, my dear; but, Lord bless me, child!" catching a glimpse of her countenance, "you have been crying! Why, I hope you are not an illustration of your own remark? But I suppose the fact is, you have been poring over some melancholy love-tale: it would have done you a great deal more good to have been rambling about the cliffs and fields. Every one was out to-day. But come, you must rouse yourself, and get up your spirits against evening, for you know we are engaged to Mrs. Bolton's."

"Yes, but I must be excused going," said Rosalind, as she sunk upon a chair, "for my head is distracted."

"Distracted! No wonder, I am sure, for your eyes are as red as a ferret's with crying. But come, a little rose-water will cure that; and when you find yourself in

company, you will feel quite a different being."

"I shall not try whether I should or not, for into company I certainly shall not go to-night; for, exclusive of having a headache, I want to prepare for my departure to-morrow, for I must then return home,"—a resolution she had suddenly taken, in consequence of being unable to endure the idea of meeting lord Dunamore again, after what had occurred.

"Home!" repeated lady Dundrum, in a tone of surprise; "why no, I hope not, my dear, as I purpose remaining here some time longer myself."

"I must, indeed," was the sighing reply.

"Well, really, I am sorry—there are so many delightful parties in agitation, and I purposed, besides, giving one myself the ensuing week. But, bless me! what shall I do? I cannot possibly think of leaving you the last evening you will be with me, and yet I so positively promised

to call on poor dear cross Mrs. Nesbit in my way to Mrs. Bolton's, that I am afraid the testy little mortal will be quite affronted if I disappoint her."

"On my account the risk must not be incurred," said Rosalind, "more especially as I have so much to do, I could not sit quietly with you."

"Well, my dear, since that is the case," said her ladyship, in a tone of revived cheerfulness, relieved from the terrible apprehension of being obliged to forego a delightful loo party, "I believe I will keep my engagement; but, depend on it, I shall not be late, nor will I leave you till I see you take a cup of strong coffee, the best thing in the world for a headache."

Rosalind could have shook her head, and told her that hers was not to be removed by such means; but she avoided saying any thing that could excite the curiosity of her ladyship.

Her preparations for departing over sooner than she had given her reason to imagine, the Austins occurred to her



thoughts; and conceiving they might think it unkind her not bidding them adieu, she decided on repairing to them for the purpose. She might have entertained a similar apprehension with regard to many others in the neighbourhood, but it so happened the Austins alone excited it, and this, perhaps, not so entirely from holding them in preferable regard, as from their being connected, in some way, from what had occurred in her mind, with lord Dunamore.

The evening was tranquil and lovely, the sun was already setting, and the glow of the evening sky threw a repose and softness on the landscape that was inexpressibly beautiful. Rosalind lingered in her walk. She was about quitting scenes of enchantment—scenes which particular circumstances had rendered abstractedly interesting to her, and she felt all that sadness of heart which taking leave of such never fails of occasioning. The groves of Dunamore Abbey, with the spires of that ancient pile, flushed with the crimson of

the parting beam, were conspicuous in the scene.

Rosalind in vain strove to withdraw her eyes from them.—“ Oh, bowers of bliss ! oh, scenes of beauty !” she exclaimed, “ what happiness, but for myself, might I not have enjoyed within you ! but I knew not the paradise that was created for me till all hope of possessing it was lost.”

The Austins were still at the tea-table, but it was not till she had advanced entirely into the room that she found lord Dunamore was one of the party. She almost started with emotion, yet she knew not how to regret what had afforded her an opportunity of once more beholding him. On their eyes meeting he distantly saluted her, and then immediately resumed the conversation with captain Austin which her entrance had interrupted, leaving it to the ladies and young Austin to chat with her. Making an effort to recover herself, she proceeded to explain the motive of her visit.

“Going to lose you so suddenly!” said Mrs. Austin. “Well, really, Miss Glenmorlie, without flattery, I am sorry for it; and as to Harriet,” alluding to her daughter, “I believe I need not say that she will be so too; and here is lord Dunamore also come to take leave: upon my word, there will be quite a chasm in our society here!”

Lord Dunamore! and was he too going? Yes, and certainly on her account—certainly to avoid her! and the conviction this imparted of resentment and displeasure, and a wish, or rather determination, to think no more about her, nearly overcame the composure she had been struggling to regain. She glanced unconsciously at him: his eyes were on her at the moment, but the instant hers encountered them, they were averted. She sighed, and wished to go, yet knew not how, for this was probably the last time she should be in his company, and the idea seemed to chain her to the spot.

Suddenly addressing himself to her—

“ Well, I must unite with my lady, Miss Glenmorlie,” said captain Austin, in expressing my regret at your leaving us ; though, to be sure, the little distance to which you are going affords some consolation for your doing so ; but for losing lord Dunamore —— now, do, my lord, let us have the comfort of knowing, is there any chance of your coming to settle amongst us ?”

“ Consider my professional duties,” replied lord Dunamore, evasively.

“ Well, yes ; but then, if there was a young and beautiful countess in the way, might you not be induced to relinquish the tented field for the quiet enjoyment of your own delightful groves ?”

“ I must wait till there is a young and beautiful countess in the way,” said he, laughing, “ to resolve that question.”

“ Well, it must be your own fault if that be not soon the case.”

Lord Dunamore bowed.—“ You flatter me by thinking so,” he said ; “ but perhaps it may not be exactly as——” He

suddenly checked himself, coloured, and turned off what he had been about saying with a laugh.

“ I did wish and hope, and began to think,” resumed captain Austin.

“ My dear !” cried his wife ; her voice recalled him to recollection, and in his turn he coloured violently and looked confused. His confusion, however, was nothing equal to what he occasioned Rosalind by the significance of his glance, rendering evident, as it did, his meaning in what he alluded to ; and hastily she turned away her eyes from lord Dunamore, lest she should see by his looks that it was as apparent to him as it had been to her.

Ere her embarrassment had at all subsided, the latter rose abruptly.—“ You are not going to leave us so soon, my lord, I hope,” said Mrs. Austin, in a tone of alarm ; “ you know you rather gave us to expect, when you came in, that you would stop the evening with us.”

“ Assuredly, but I have just recollected

that I have some other farewell calls to make; and so you must have the goodness to excuse my prolonging my visit."

"Certainly, my lord, since that is the case; nor can I continue to urge Miss Glenmorlie to lengthen hers, since, by going now, she will have the pleasure of your lordship for an escort home."

"No, no!" exclaimed Rosalind, absolutely terrified at this cruelly-embarrassing suggestion, after the scene of the morning; "no, no, by no means! not for worlds! that is, I should be sorry to give lord Dunamore that trouble."

"It would be a pleasure," he said, "but that," and he spoke evidently under the impression of awkward feelings, "I am obliged to go quite in a contrary direction; so that to my young friend here," glancing at young Austin, "I must delegate what would otherwise have afforded me so much happiness;" and he proceeded to shake hands with the family.

The heart of Rosalind throbbed violently. Would he, by overlooking her at

the moment, place her in the awkward—the embarrassing situation of appearing slighted by him? He retreated towards the door—their eyes encountered. He paused—the natural generosity of his feelings overcame every other sensation, and advancing again into the room—“Miss Glenmorlie,” he said, extending his hand to her, “good-bye! and—and when you see our friends, the Woodburnes, remember me to them.”

Rosalind bowed. She could not speak, and ere she had at all recovered from her emotion, he was gone, and she found herself again surrounded by the Austins. They were too keen, too penetrating, not to perceive that something was amiss. The relationship between lord Dunamore and Rosalind was known to them, as well as the admiration he had evinced for her, and, consequently, the coldness of their manner now towards each other could not but appear extraordinary. They had too much delicacy, however, to make a comment on what they thought; nei-

ther did they tease the bewildered and nearly-subdued Rosalind to remain longer with them. They saw her home, and the hour being late, took leave of her at the door, with a hope that the intimacy that had been commenced might be continued.

END OF VOL. I.



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